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Tour of Wales
in a Carriage

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY

FROM

GLOUCESTER TO ABERYSTWITH,

AND FROM

ABERYSTWITH THROUGH NORTH WALES.

M.W. Sharp pinx.t
Aug. Fox sc.

ESSE · QUAM · VIDERI

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY,

ASSOCIATED WITH A FLY,

FROM

GLOUCESTER TO ABERYSTWITH,

AND FROM

ABERYSTWITH THROUGH NORTH WALES.

JULY 31ST TO SEPTEMBER 8TH 1837.

BY THOMAS TURNER, ESQ.

OF GLOUCESTER.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught,
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?

COWPER.

LONDON

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MDCCCXL.

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UPB

INTRODUCTION.

" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;"
MOREOVER;
" A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."
BYRON.

TO those friends who may be disposed to favour me, first by the acceptance, and then by the perusal, of this volume, I take leave to address the following introductory explanation.

The interesting district, of which the following pages will very imperfectly treat, has so often been visited by those who have subsequently felt disposed to communicate their ideas thereupon, by the publication either of a Tour, a Journey, a Walk, a Wandering, a Ramble, a Guide, an Excursion, a Survey, a Gleaning, or such like; that to avoid a previously beaten track, in the construction of a title-page, appeared to be hopeless. The

noble poet above quoted observes, in his accustomed sarcastic vein;

> "Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways
> Resigns herself with exemplary patience,
> To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations."

Whilst musing upon this important point, an old and much valued friend, who, though an honour to the clerical profession, and an accomplished scholar, can nevertheless descend to relieve the passing moment with an innocent jest, or even a pun, chanced to call. Boasting to him of the "wonders" which, in a FLY, with a single horse, we had been enabled to achieve in the short period of three weeks (for it will be seen that one half of our holidays was devoted to Aberystwith), my friend at once relieved me from the aforesaid dilemma. "Publish your tour," was his prompt remark, "and entitle it, 'A FLY through NORTH WALES.'" This apt rejoinder exactly applied itself to the exigency of the case; nor will it be misplaced to pursue the foregoing parley by an assurance, that in adopting this mode of conveyance we secured every comfort

which could be desired. We stipulated to pay three pounds per week for the hire of a really "smart" FLY, with a strong horse. The expense of a respectable driver might be computed at the farther charge of twenty five shillings, and a similar cost attached to the keep of the horse, both also by the week. A female servant accompanied us. Thus, at a charge of little more than five guineas per week, we enjoyed the comforts of a private carriage, conveying four persons, with the entire of our luggage.

I have dwelt on these particulars, because it may not be generally understood, even in the present age, wherein so much facility of conveyance is afforded to the traveller, that the counties of Radnor, Montgomery, Cardigan, Merioneth, Caernarvon, and Denbigh, could safely and at the same time enough expeditiously be traversed by resorting to the aforesaid arrangement. The extraordinary improvement effected, during the last few years, in the public roads, does however render this undertaking not only practicable, but

safe, easy, and pleasant. May this ready access never tend to impair the pure effect of scenery, perhaps the finest in the world; and still less may it operate to alter or vitiate the primitive character of the inhabitants of this mountainous district.

The hasty memoranda formed during our journey have enabled me to afford the following more detailed narrative of the chief features by which it was marked. The retrospect has afforded much delight. Perhaps, also, this register may hereafter serve to guide the steps of a friend on a similiar tour. It will, at least, assist to perpetuate that instruction, and to recall that pleasure, with which the various splendid objects, both in nature as well as art, have, whilst in admiration of their beauties and their grandeur, fascinated the imagination, and at the same time totally engrossed the mind. In this, and in any similar case, the future must ever, to most at least, evince that

> "Memory of the past will stay,
> And half its joys renew."

The intention of printing my manuscript,

which has indeed been completed upwards of two years, never entered into the scale of my views. No persuasion could even now urge a further assent to this measure, than such as may relate to the partial distribution of a limited number of copies. One may pass muster, under the review of kind and indulgent friends, when it might justly be considered arrogant to hazard public criticism. With this decision, and thus reasoning, I will not fear to go forth decked in the simple garb which has been moulded by my own feelings, and critically in the language which my own pen has dictated. Let not these assertions however be misconstrued; they are far from being designed as a boast, but are rather intended as an apology for inexperience and imperfection.

In recording historical events, as well as in the detail of certain features and productions of nature; in works, also, wherein the ingenuity and the enterprise of man have been embarked, I have in part been compelled to resort to the authority of others; and in such cases can

claim only the merit of selecting such matter as appeared most worthy of notice, and of compressing it into a shape suitable to the present occasion.

The insertion of a few subjects selected from the plates engraved for a copiously illustrated tour, written about four years since, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. cannot fail, in this pictorial age, to be palatable. For this idea, and for a satisfactory arrangement with the proprietors of the plates, I am indebted to Mr. Pickering of Chancery Lane, whose reputable character has long been before the literary world, and who has often gratified that class of society by the spirit and good taste with which he has published reprints of several highly valued ancient authors, as well as many works of modern date.

Some show of vanity may be attributed to the insertion of the frontispiece. Be it known therefore, that this portrait was not altogether engraved for the present publication. A distinct consideration chiefly, indeed, influenced its production; and here I would again remark, that this book

is avowedly and solely meant for private circulation.

An immoderate degree of plagiarism, if it may be so termed, will probably be ascribed to the introduction of a host of poetical extracts. Here again the existing mania for "scraps" leads me to hope that many a fair patroness of the elegant Album will defend my cause. For myself, I would urge, on this score, that the transcript of these passages, and of such more especially as I have selected from poets, who were my favourite associates in "days gone by," has afforded too much gratification to be resisted.

Lastly, there is in the present age so rapid a succession of literature spreading in every direction, from one end of the kingdom to the other, that the most sanguine notions of a modern author can embrace only the hope, that he may not be jostled off the stage by his next competitor, ere even a temporary reign has been granted to his toils. True is it that;

"The loaded press beneath her labour groans."

What, therefore, would have been the

destiny of this lowly volume, had it been thus sent forth, and arraigned at the bar of public judgment? Even in the presence of partial friends, I simply flatter myself that it may attract a momentary regard; floating athwart their attention like a summer cloud across the horizon, and then be lost to memory for ever.

THOMAS TURNER.

Brunswick Square, Spa, Gloucester,
December, 1840.

LIST OF PLATES.

Frontispiece. Portrait of the Author.

Page 6. View of Ross, with Wilton Bridge.

22. View of Aberystwith.

98. View of the Vale of Festiniog.

102. View of Pont Aberglasslyn.

110. View near Bedd-Gelert.

123. View of Dolbadern Tower on Llanberis Lake.

127. View of Caernarvon Castle.

133. View of the Menai Bridge.

142. View of Beaumaris from the Menai.

166. View of Conway Castle from the River.

170. View of Rhuddlan Castle and River Clwyd.

ERRATA.

Page viii, line 14. *For* 'similiar,' *read* 'similar.'

16, line 4. *For* 'Llandurig,' *read* 'Llangerrig.'

81, line 3. *For* 'Codiad yr Hedydd,' *read* 'Codiad yr Haul.'

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY,

ETC.

NARRATIVE,

ETC.

KINGTON, JULY 31ST, 1837.

ROUTE.

GLOUCESTER TO ROSS	16	50 MILES.
ROSS TO HEREFORD	14	
HEREFORD TO KINGTON	20	

OUR FLY would not, upon this first day of our travels, have reached thus far, but having on the preceding evening sent our horse to Hereford, we were accommodated, without extra charge, by our neighbour Mr. James, with a second horse from his excellent livery stables, which has enabled us comfortably to achieve these three stages. Our tour could scarcely be said to have commenced whilst still within the territory of the starting post; but I must be excused for inserting a very brief notice of the ancient city of Gloucester, and of those existing objects therein most worthy the attention of the traveller; thus rendering due homage to my native place. Gloucester is a town of very high antiquity, its origin being ascribed to the Britons, and by them it was called Caer Gloew, or the fair city. It is a remarkable fact,

that during the short return of the Britons to independence, when the island was left by the Romans, this city was governed by the sole survivor of the British nobles who were attacked and slaughtered by the Saxons, at the conference on Salisbury Plain. Numerous have been the remains of buildings, tesselated pavements, utensils, and coins of Roman origin, discovered in and near the town, especially in the northern suburb, or the Kingsholm. The kings of Wessex took possession of it in the sixth century, but it was afterwards, with the county, annexed to Mercia, the first Christian king of which, Wulphere, founded the monastery of St. Peter, about 680. In 940 King Athelstan was put to death here, and in 997 it was taken and burnt by the Danes. Edward the Confessor held his court here in 1051 and in 1053, as did William the Conqueror in 1084 and in 1085. Gloucester was subsequently often visited by royalty, and in the reigns of Richard the Second and Henry the Fourth, parliaments were held here. It was the scene of most important events during the civil war, and the failure of Charles the First in besieging Gloucester proved a most serious injury to the royal cause. George the Third honoured this city with a visit in 1788, as did George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, in 1807. The place has formerly, on several occasions, suffered terribly from fire; and was also seriously annoyed at one period by the ravages of the Welsh. The monastery founded by one of the Mercian kings, as above stated,

was destroyed by the Danes, and a Benedictine abbey was consequently established here in the beginning of the eleventh century. It was governed in succession by thirty-two abbots, the last of whom, William Parker, was elected in 1514, and resigned his office at the Reformation. The conventual church, now the Cathedral, is a magnificent fabric, 420 feet in length, and in width 144 feet. The tower rises 225 feet, from the ground to the top of the pinnacles, in perfect symmetry and airy elegance. The interior contains several monuments, raised to the memory of persons of celebrity. Those of Robert, Duke of Normandy, and of the unfortunate Edward the Second, claim peculiar attention. There is a charming specimen of modern sculpture, erected to the memory of Mrs. Morley, by Flaxman, and another in honour of Dr. Jenner, by Sievier, each reflecting great credit upon the artist. The choir exhibits an almost unrivalled specimen of the florid style of architecture, and the lofty and massive range of columns in the nave are scarcely elsewhere to be seen. The interior of the Lady Chapel is extremely elegant, and the whispering gallery, 75 feet in length, has the property of conveying sound in an extraordinary degree. The lowest whisper or the scratch of a pin may be distinctly heard from the one end to the other. At the centre of this gallery is a small chapel which, it is supposed, was occupied by the abbot during the performance of mass in the Lady's Chapel. Upon the wall are the following lines:

"Doubt not but God, who sits on high,
Thy secret prayers can hear,
When a dead wall thus cunningly
Conveys soft whispers to the ear."

Numerous other objects will engage the notice of the curious in visiting this stately edifice. The mineral springs discovered at this place in the year 1814 have obtained popularity. The quality of the water somewhat resembles that of the far-famed Cheltenham springs, possessing, however, a larger share of the saline property. The walks at this spa are tastefully disposed and well situated; and the adjacent houses afford every comfort and convenience. There is also an excellent hotel, and the pump-room, with the adjoining warm-baths, are very commodious. The port of Gloucester is now become of very considerable magnitude, and various merchandise from every quarter of the globe is imported, by means of a ship canal, extending nearly eighteen miles, and joining the Severn near to Berkeley. The exports also are now consequential. The County Gaol, the County Hall, the General Infirmary, the Lunatic Asylum, and the Commercial Rooms, are worthy of note; and the Manufactory of Pins is of very ancient date. In its different processes no less than twenty-five persons are employed in perfecting this diminutive article, the invention of which has been attributed to a Gloucester manufacturer. Dibdin, in a song which he wrote, and himself sung at the theatre, during a professional visit which he paid to this place some years since, introduces the following verse:

"The Ladies, Heaven bless them all,
As sure as I've a nose on,
In former times had only thorns
And skewers to stick their clothes on.
No damsel then was worth a pin,
Whate'er it might have cost her,
Till gentle Johnny Tilsby
He invented pins in Gloucester."

There is a bell-foundry here, which for a period of 150 years was conducted by the Rudhall family, and it is said that upwards of 4000 bells have been cast by them. The Bell and the King's Head are the two leading hotels. This ancient city is still chiefly composed of its four original and principal streets, North, South, East, and West, though the suburbs are much increased; and attached to them are the ruins of Llanthony Abbey, founded by the Earl of Hereford for the accommodation of the monks driven from Llanthony Abbey, in Monmouthshire, by the Welsh. The circumference of the city, according to the regulations of the late Reform Act, is nearly four miles, and the population is upwards of 12,000. Gloucester has sent members to parliament ever since the reign of Edward the First. At the extremity of the West-gate Street, the traveller crosses a channel of the Severn over a fine modern bridge, called the West-gate Bridge, and then, traversing the small Isle of Alney, formed by the two channels of the river, again crosses it over a single arch bridge, called the Over Bridge, said to be the largest span in the kingdom, and erected about ten years since, under the superintendance

of Mr. Telford. About two miles farther on, to the right of the road, is Highnam Court, a seat of Sir John Wright Guise, bart.; the house was designed by Inigo Jones. Passing through the village of Churcham and over Huntley Common, the road at the turnpike inclines to the right, through Huntley, Longhope, and Lea parishes; when near to the latter it enters the county of Hereford, and then passes through the beautiful village of Weston-under-Penyard to Ross.

This town is situated upon a rock elevated above the river Wye. No very eminent historical celebrity attaches to this place. The locality of Ross, however, is such as to render it a spot of much resort. The fairs and markets are very considerable, and afford every facility for traffic to farmers and others, in the various produce of a large agricultural district. Here also repair those numerous pleasurable parties, which, during the summer and autumn months, indulge in an excursion through the romantic scenery, afforded along the banks of the Wye river, from this town to Chepstow, and for which excellent boats are provided. The usual course adopted for the enjoyment of this charming tour is to sleep at Ross, to sail in the morning for Monmouth, and on the following morning to resume the water for Chepstow. But Ross has yet another spell; that amiable and excellent character, John Kyrle, the justly celebrated "Man of Ross," must ever reflect, as it has hitherto done, lustre upon the place. No language can so well bespeak his merits, as that

D. Cox. junr.

W. Radclyffe

ROSS

which Mr. Pope has delivered to us, in his third moral essay, dedicated to Lord Bathurst, "Upon the Use of Riches." It is a pleasure to dwell on the active benevolence of this bountiful individual, and I cannot resist the gratification of inserting the whole of the panegyric alluded to, and which is so fully merited.

"But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross;
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross" each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
"The Man of Ross" divides the weekly bread.
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans, blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? "The Man of Ross" relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now a useless race.
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—Five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze;
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays!"

It may not be generally understood that Pope thus immortalized the memory of Mr. Kyrle, during a visit at Hom Lacy, where the poet was often entertained by the hospitality of the last Viscount Scudamore. This enchanting place is situated on the Fownhope road, leading from Ross to Hereford, and it is scarcely possible to conceive a spot better adapted for "wooing the Muses."

> "Here hill and vales, the woodland and the plain,
> Here earth and water seem to strive again!
> Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruised,
> But as the world harmoniously confused,
> Where order in variety we see,
> And where, though all things differ, all agree:
> Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
> And part admit and part exclude the day;
> As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
> Not quite indulges, nor can quite repress."
>
> POPE.

The Wye flows underneath the mansion, which has been much enlarged and beautified by its present owner, Sir Edwin Stanhope, bart. who inherits this fine property from a family connexion with the late Duchess of Norfolk, one of the Scudamore family, her mother, who married Charles Fitzroy, esq. being the only daughter of the said Viscount Scudamore. "The Man of Ross" died in 1724, and it was probably about the year 1710 when Pope wrote the Essays, from which the foregoing lines are extracted. The poet was therefore an eye-witness of those bounteous deeds which he thus celebrated. In pursuance of a be-

quest from Lady Betty Duplin, a monument was erected, to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Kyrle, in the church at Ross, in the year 1776. The population of this place is now upwards of 3000, and the chief inns are the Swan and the King's Head. Another large Hotel is, however, now in progress. The walks in the immediate vicinity of the town are beautiful, and afford charming views of the winding river and the ruins of Wilton Castle.

After passing a couple of hours at Ross, and partaking of an early dinner, we proceeded to Hereford. Crossing the Wye, over Wilton Bridge, the picturesque ruins of its castle appear to much advantage. The road is then directed through Bridstow, Peterstow, Great Birch, and Callow. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more highly rich and beautiful country, interspersed with many delightful residences of the neighbouring gentry. At Bridstow, to the right, stands the church with the comfortable parsonage of the Rev. Love Robertson ; and farther on, in the same direction, is Morriston, Mr. Armitage, and Foy Vicarage, Rev. John Jones, who succeeded to his grandfather and his late father, in this living. The church, with its massive tower, is built upon a gentle eminence, and forms a truly picturesque object. The vicarage, with its garden and pleasure ground, ranges on one side of the church, and Carthage House and grounds on the other, the whole being situated on a finely wooded bank above the river Wye, which flows at a short distance underneath.

Few spots can boast of more genuine rural beauty. Farther on, upon the Hereford road, we passed, on the right, Pengethley, the seat of the Rev. T. Powell Symonds; Harewood, Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, bart. surrounded with fine wood, amongst which the majestic oak is predominant. Here lay a portion of Harewood Forest, wherein it has been supposed that Ethelwold, minister and favourite of the Saxon king Edgar, had a castle. The scene for the drama of Elfrida, written by Mr. Mason, is also fixed at this spot, which is thus beautifully described therein:

> "How nobly does this venerable wood,
> Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
> Embosom yon fair mansion! the soft air
> Salutes me with most cool and temperate breath,
> And, as I tread the flower-besprinkled lawn,
> Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,
> If e'er content deign'd visit mortal clime,
> This was her place of dearest residence."

Not far distant is Aramstone; upon the left are Bryngwin, Mr. Phillips; Meend Park, Mr. Simmonds; and Birch House, Mr. Hoskyns. From Callow, the views from the summit of the hill are very fine, comprising, with a rich foreground, the mountain scenery in Brecknockshire, which bounds this splendid landscape. We greeted the ancient city of Hereford, in all the glorious turmoil of chairing the members for the county, Sir Robert Price, bart. and Kedgwin Hoskyns, esq.

Hereford stands on the Wye river, near the centre of the county. It has been, from an early age, and especially during the contests between

Henry the Third and the Barons, and, subsequently, between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the seat of much warfare. In the civil wars it was garrisoned for Charles the First, and twice besieged. The fine old Cathedral is a cruci form building, containing several interesting monuments. The choral service is performed with an excellence scarcely to be surpassed by any similar establishment. The County Hall is a fine building, and the Castle green affords a delightful walk to the inhabitants. The chief manufacture is that of gloves, and the population is about 9200. The celebrated actress and favourite of the merry monarch Charles the Second, Nell Gwynne, was born here, and it was likewise the birth-place of David Garrick. It is singular, also, that its theatre proved a nursery for the talents of Mrs. Clive, as well as for those of the Kemble family. The principal inns are the Hotel and the Green Dragon. Meeting our fresh horse at Hereford, and feeling no special zest towards the humours of the pending stir created by the election, we delayed not to propel our FLY towards Kington. This line of road led us through White Cross and Stretton, to Creden Hill, the Magna Castra of the Romans. Further onwards is Mansell Lacey; and about a mile on, to the right, is Foxley Hall, the seat of Sir Robert Price, Bart. surrounded by richly wooded hills, and beautiful ground, arranged with much taste, and commanding delightful prospects. The whole of the scenery, indeed, from hence to Kington, through Norton, Eccles

Green, Sarnsfield, Wonton, Lyon's Hall, and Pentress, is charmingly varied. The principal seats to the right, upon this stage of twenty miles, are, at Creden Hill, Rev. J. Eckley; Mansell Lacey, Mrs. Buckley; Foxley Hall, Sir Robert Price; Sarnsfield House, Mr. Weston; Eywood Park, Mr. Green; Sitley Court, Mrs. Greenly; and Downton Hall, Mr. Lewis: and to the left of Sarnsfield House, the eminence called Lady Lift, from the summit of which the view is splendid; and at Wonton, Newport House, Mr. Foley. We reached this town about eight o'clock, and slept at the King's Head Inn, but we were afterwards informed that the Oxford Arms would have afforded us better accommodation. Kington presents nothing worthy of notice, and is indeed rather a mean place, though towards the upper part of the town we noticed several good residences, tastefully scattered upon elevated and very pretty ground. The population is about 3000, and it is chiefly employed in the manufacture of narrow cloth.

PONT ERWYDD, AUGUST 1st, 1837.

ROUTE.

KINGTON TO LLANDEGLEY . . .	14	48 MILES.
LLANDEGLEY TO RHAYADER . .	12	
RHAYADER TO PONT ERWYDD . .	22	

THE county of Hereford extends about two miles beyond Kington, when the road enters that of Radnor. Five miles within the confines of the latter we passed through New Radnor, formerly the county town, but now merely an irregular street, without a single object to attract the attention. Its population is about 500. Two miles west of this place is the celebrated cascade, "Water break its neck;" and two miles further on the road is Hampton Court, Frankland Lewis, Esq.; about a mile from which, situated on a rock, is the church of Old Radnor, forming a very picturesque object. Passing through Llanfyhangle Nant Melan, we halted at the beautiful little village of Llandegley, fourteen miles from Kington, where we rested our horse for an hour. We found at this secluded spot a comfortable and very neat inn, which was chiefly occupied by a party of ladies, who were sojourning here for the benefit of the waters. The spring was discovered a few years since, and the waters are of a strong sul-

phureous vitriolic quality. Nearly adjoining the churchyard is a remarkable range of rocks, which are famous for the production of beautiful quartz crystals, and the views which they command are very fine. Two miles beyond Llandegley is Penybont, a considerable village, situated on the river Ithon. Penybont House, Mr. Severn, and some other seats of the neighbouring gentry are conspicuous from the road; and there is a respectable inn where post-horses may be procured. About three miles from Penybont, upon a road turning to the left, are the celebrated Llandrindod Wells. They rise from three springs, which, although within a short distance of each other, totally differ in their several qualities, being chalybeate, sulphureous, and cathartic. The efficacy of these waters was known to the inhabitants as early as the year 1696, and thirty years afterwards were commonly visited. In 1749, very good accommodation was provided for the public, and the utility of the waters was fully established. The rivers Ithon and Wye afford good sport to the lovers of angling. Four miles beyond Penybont is the pretty village of Nantmel. In this parish, situated on the hill of Gwastadedd, is a lofty carnedd. A farther distance of six miles brought us to Rhayader, pronounced Rhaithar. It may generally be observed, that the scenery between Kington and this place is frequently enlivened by views which are fine and picturesque, though the black and dreary character appertaining to the county of Radnor is often conspicuous. The town of Rhay-

adar is situated on the river Wye, at the foot of the mountains which divide North and South Wales. In the time of the Welsh princes it was a place of considerable importance; and in the twelfth century a castle was built for its defence, which was, however, destroyed in the year 1231, by Llewellin, Prince of North Wales. The population is about 1000, and employment is afforded by two flannel manufactories. It is a great thoroughfare on the route between the counties of Worcester and Hereford and the coast at Aberystwith; and this communication has been much facilitated by the construction of a new line of road, formed a few years since, as a mail-coach road. We were provided with a good dinner at the Red Lion Inn, and a fine evening enabled us subsequently to reach Pont Erwydd, a long and rather a heavy stage of twenty-two miles. This line of road is chiefly formed along the base of a chain of mountains, the majestic Plinlimmon towering as their head. The scenery during the whole distance is grand, and from many points beautifully picturesque. The latter feature is indeed almost everywhere, in an eminent degree, sustained by the gay and lovely meanderings of the Wye, stealing through the vale upon the left of the road, and affording a surprising effect of hilarity to a certain cast of monotony, which would otherwise pervade so long a tract of mountainous and often barren country. Here and there this sportive river did not exceed six or eight feet in width, but it is ever sufficiently conspicuous to

yield an abundance of charming variety to the scene.

> Here nature still unchanged is seen,
> And Vaga blithe through meadows green
> Displays her bright and silvery line,
> As if 'mid emeralds set to shine;
> By her own vagrant fancy guided,
> She through the verdant valley glided;
> Where copse-woods many a nook adorn,
> And linnets warbled on the thorn;
> Through Radnor's wild and hilly plains
> The fairest ornament she reigns.

Nearly eight miles from Rhayader is the considerable parish of Llandurig, situated at the foot of Plinlimmon, and on the banks of the Wye. The sides of this celebrated mountain, as well as those of the adjacent hills, being destitute of wood, furnish but a cheerless gloom. The consideration, however, that from hence is derived the source of no less than five rivers, cannot fail to lend much interest to the scene, more especially when the conviction is felt, that one of these rivers, namely, the Severn, stands, after the Thames, unrivalled in point of commercial importance, and that two of the others, the Wye and the Rheidol, are not to be equalled in picturesque beauty. The two remaining rivers alluded to are the Ystwith and the Clevedoc. The Severn flows north-east to Shrewsbury, and turning suddenly southwards, runs through the counties of Salop, Worcester, and Gloucester, emptying itself into the sea below Bristol, a distance of two hundred miles. It was upon this mountain that

Glendwr placed himself at the commencement of his insurrection, with a few chosen followers, and dreadfully harassed the country. In size and height it is inferior only to Snowdon and Cader Idris, its summit being 2463 feet above the level of the sea.

> "High o'er his mates, how huge Plinlimmon lifts
> His many beacon'd head; o'er coronall'd
> With still and shadowy mist, or rolling storms
> That speak loud voiced to the echoing hills,
> And rouse repeated thunder."
>
> L. A. TWANLEY.

The best point for the ascent is from the village of Steddva Gerrig, lying on the road to Llanidloes, but the views are not usually considered sufficiently inviting as an inducement to the tourist to undergo the fatigue, and this task should never be attempted without a guide, as the frequent and concealed bogs would render the effort extremely dangerous. From Llangerrig to the village of Steddva Gerrig, a distance of about nine miles, we were skirting the county of Montgomery. At the latter point the road enters the county of Cardigan. Avoiding a turn on the left, which leads to the Devil's Bridge, we proceeded onwards. About six miles from this spot, the evening having set in for rain, we were glad to find ourselves at the romantic village of Pont Erwydd, and to be greeted with a cordial welcome at an excellent inn and posting-house, which afforded us every comfort for the night: a good peat fire, plenty of tea and toast, and a comfortable bed, proved inviting luxuries to cold and somewhat weary travellers.

ABERYSTWITH, AUGUST 2ND, 1837.

PONT ERWYDD TO ABERYSTWITH . 12 MILES.

THE village of Pont Erwydd is charmingly situated at the confluence of the rivers Castel and Rheidol. Over the latter, and close to the pleasant station of the hotel, is thrown a handsome bridge, thirty-six feet in span, and reaching from rock to rock, over a gloomy chasm formed by the river. The scenery here partakes of the same wild character with that which marks the celebrated view from the Hafod Arms, at the Devil's Bridge, and which, across the country, is not four miles distant. The prospects, however, are not so rich or so varied as those which the latter afford. This place is at present the requisite thoroughfare from Rhayader to Aberystwith, the old road to the Devil's Bridge being impassable. This circumstance has caused the retirement of that accommodation, heretofore so noted at the Hafod Arms, which however will probably be resumed; and as this spot is still accessible by another line of road, the traveller may hereafter, perhaps, indulge his option of a sojourn at either place. In the mean time he cannot fail to consider the inn at Pont Erwydd suited to his comforts. Besides, when arrived at Aberystwith, a day is delightfully spent

by an excursion to the Devil's Bridge; and the road thereto taking its course on the opposite side of the Rheidol vale, a more complete enjoyment of this beautiful scenery is consequently obtained. Extensive turbaries, upon each side of the road, rendered the first portion of this day's stage somewhat dreary. These, however, are nearly discontinued after the first three miles, and the views, right and left, become varied and splendid. The lovely meanderings of the Wye, which had yesterday so much contributed to the beauty of the scenery, were now well supplied by those of the Rheidol, which often appear in the vale, upon the left of our present route. Although upon a mail coach road we found it occasionally badly fenced, but this nuisance will surely soon be remedied, as there are precipices which eminently require a more effectual safeguard. After journeying several miles without scarcely the encounter of a single human being or a dwelling, except here and there a wretched mud cottage, we arrived at Llanbadern Vawr or Fawr, within two miles of Aberystwith. This considerable village is situated near to the banks of the Ystwith, at the entrance to the vale of Rheidol. In ancient days its consequence was great, but the market having long since been transferred to Aberystwith, it is now quite a retired spot. This parish extends eighteen miles in length, and averages about four miles in breadth. In the sixth century a church was erected, and a bishopric created here by Saint Paternus or Padern, a

foreigner. The see continued for years; but upon the murder of their bishop, by the inhabitants, it was united to that of Saint David. The church, in the beginning of the twelfth century, was given to Saint Peter's, in Gloucester, but subsequently appropriated to the Abbey of Vale Royal, in Cheshire. The present church is a spacious and handsome edifice, and was probably erected about the reign of William the First. The living is a vicarage, with the chapel of Aberystwith annexed, and the population of this extensive parish is not less than 8700.

The appointed repose of our FLY at Aberystwith was now soon attained. Perhaps no distance of 110 miles can produce more varied scenery, and its enjoyment is now divested of alarm, or even difficulty to the most timid. The long stage from Kington to Rhayader may be broken at Llandegley or Penybont, and the distance from Rhayader to Pont Erwydd will soon be supplied with a good posting-house, about mid-way. After an excellent dinner at the Gogerdden Arms, we settled ourselves in the comfortable lodgings of Mrs. Jones, at Penrhyn House, the majestic ocean dashing with its foaming billows close under the windows of our apartments.

TO THE SEA.

Chief of God's works! in grandeur of repose,
Or majesty of turbulence, to me
Still thou art beautiful, most glorious sea.
And oft, when morning in thy mirror glows,

Or twilight's shadowy curtains round thee close,
I gaze, with full expanded soul on thee,—
The boundless heaven thy only boundary.
Thee, at thy birth, the Almighty Maker chose
Aye to resound his everlasting praise;
Thy solemn-sounding diapason suits
The theme of His tremendous attributes,
When thy full waves a lofty chorus raise;
And murmuring sweet as angels' golden lutes,
His mercy whispers in thy softer lays.

ABERYSTWITH, AUGUST 3RD, 1837.

Ocean! I love to gaze on thee, for thou,
From earliest time the same, art ever new.
When storms of winter bid thy waters roar,
As moving mountains fraught with fate they seem;
In summer's calm they gently lave the shore,
And heaven shines brightly in thy limpid stream.

THE first hour spent at this place appeared to produce the conviction, that we had well selected a locality, wherein to devote that portion of our holiday destined for the coast. Aberystwith is situated at the extremity of the vale of Rheidol, amongst lofty hills, near the centre of, and overlooking the bay of Cardigan. A gently sloping beach, a fine sea, clear water, and salubrious air become at once apparent. The town is built on an eminence overhanging the sea, and is the most populous in the county, containing between four and five thousand inhabitants. The fine and now very extended range of buildings, on the Marine Parade and Crescent, is terminated, on the south-west, by the Castle Hill, and on the north, by Craiglais, or Constitution Hill, each of these heights affording excellent walks and beautiful views of the extensive bay, which is itself bounded on the north by the Caernarvonshire coast, beyond which a fine prospect of the Welsh mountains is

D. Cox.

W. Radclyffe

ABERYSTWITH.

conspicuous, whilst on the south the shores of Cardigan and Pembroke limit the scene. Aberystwith was formerly fortified by a castle, and with surrounding walls, but scarcely a vestige of the latter now remains. The castle was founded by Gilbert de Strongbow in the reign of Henry the First, and rebuilt by Edward the First in 1277. It was situated on a lofty rock projecting into the sea. The ruins of several towers and of the walls still remain, exhibiting to posterity, that it must have possessed prodigious strength. It is known to have been the residence of Cadwallader. During the civil wars it was battered by Cromwell from Pendinas Hill, and from this height he effected its demolition. Around the hill, on which the ruins stand, the walks are, as before noticed, very inviting, and from them Cader Idris, and even Snowdon in very clear weather are visible. The church, dedicated to Saint Michael, is separated from the ruins of the castle by a stone wall. It is a handsome modern gothic structure, built in the year 1830, after a plan furnished by Mr. Haycock, of Shrewsbury, and contiguous to the old church. Nearly adjoining is a singular building, erected in the gothic style and castellated form, by the late Sir Uvedale Price, bart. Comparing it with the neighbouring fragments of the time-worn castle, what a strange mimicry of the antique does it evince. In the church-yard are many raised and very neat tombs, exhibiting the tender respect which even the poorest class amongst the Welsh pay to departed friends. Some of these, and one

especially, attracted particular notice. It was carefully planted with evergreens and flowers, calling to mind the beautiful little poem by Collins, adapted to Shakespeare's "Fidele," the scene only differing in which it was fixed.

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

"No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove!
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

"No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

"The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid;
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

"When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

"Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed!
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead."

Upon one occasion at this place we witnessed the decency and even solemnity with which the funeral, apparently of a very humble individual, was conducted. Twenty or thirty relatives and neighbours of the deceased, all clad in respectable

mourning, followed, with evident sorrow, the corpse of their departed friend to the silence of the grave.

The port at Aberystwith is below the town, at the mouth of the Ystwith, which, having been within these few years joined to the mouth of the Rheidol, renders the harbour much more efficient by deepening the channel; but, excepting for vessels of very small burden, it is still so bad as occasionally to detain even small craft for a considerable period. This is a serious impediment to the prosperity of the place. Over the Rheidol is a handsome stone bridge of five arches. There is still a herring fishery here, which generally commences in September, and in some seasons it is very productive. The sea-bathing is excellent and well conducted, and there are also good warm as well as shower and plunging baths. The beach abounds with valuable pebbles, and experienced lapidaries are always ready to furnish information to collectors, and to select and polish the best specimens, amongst which are found cornelians, agates, moccos, jaspers, crystals, pudding-stones, trap-stones, &c. These not only supply a choice for the cabinet, but many are found which are well worthy the expense of cutting and setting The libraries and reading-rooms are well furnished and convenient, and there are also spacious public rooms, eminently adapted for assemblies and concerts, and comprising also a billiard-room. The markets are fairly supplied with meat, poultry, and fish, and are chiefly held on Mondays and Saturdays. Aberystwith can boast also of a

chalybeate spring. It is situated a short distance east of the town, but we did not find that any resort was made to it. The water is simply chalybeate; neither acidulous, saline, nor sulphureous quality being mixed with it, excepting after high tides, when the sea-water may casually be introduced. The annual races, which are now rather celebrated, are held towards the end of August, about three miles from the town, near Gogerddan; and there are also archery and cricket clubs. The Belle-vue Hotel and the Gogerddan Arms are the chief inns, and both afford excellent accommodation. The season commences in July, and ends in October. During this period the sea is generally calm enough to invite excursions even in an open boat. We often indulged in a sail, and upon more than one occasion the swell of the majestic ocean was perfectly unruffled. One might have exclaimed:

> "No rude blast here has strayed.
> The air is calm, and on the level brine
> Sleek Panope with all her sisters plays."

Sometimes a fresh breeze would spring up, and then a feeling such as may be described by the following couplets was excited:

> "Hither we rove o'er the swelling sea,
> While the sail fills fast, and our boat is free,
> As free as a bird from its mountain steep,
> To bound wherever the breezes sweep.
>
> "The waves leap round us like laughing things,
> Our bark looks proud with its sun-lit wings;
> And the white foam gleams from its gleaming prow,
> Like falling feathers or drifted snow.

" Away from the parting shore we flee,
Our course is over the bounding sea;
When the billows beneath and the sky above
Are laughing and blue, like the eyes we love.

" Ye may mark wherever our shallop springs
The sea-mew dipping his golden wings;
Then dashing away, as he screams with fright,
When we cross his path and outstrip his flight."

Often, however, the gales upon this coast are tremendously strong. The august waves come rolling in, one over the other, and each discovering a fearful chasm in the " deep, deep sea," until the last angry billow, taking its landward spring, disperses itself in feathery spray either on the base of the flinty rock, or on the railing and pebbly beach. So that each characteristic feature, which marks the awful bosom of the deep, is here in turn displayed with the best effect: and here, therefore, the beautiful imagery conveyed by the following passage from Shakespeare would often be applicable:

" The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler birth.
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements
Like Perseus' horse! Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Corivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune."

The Aberystwith boatmen, however, took especial care to avoid the latter alternative.

ABERYSTWITH, AUGUST 8TH, 1837.

THE neighbourhood of Aberystwith possesses many attractions and much interest, and though necessity obliged us, through this hilly country, somewhat to restrict the advantages of an almost daily resort to our FLY, yet we contrived to reach most of the finest points with which this magnificent scenery abounds: these splendid prospects will be chiefly noticed elsewhere. There is good river as well as lake fishing to be obtained within a few miles of Aberystwith; upon resorting to this favoured spot, the angler, therefore, should supply himself with

> "The well dissembled fly,
> The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,
> Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
> And all his slender watery stores."
>
> THOMSON.

The immediate neighbourhood of the place affords, however, but indifferent sport. Numerous and extensive turbaries furnish an abundant supply of peat, in digging for which, a livelihood is not only provided for many of the poor inhabitants, but in a district so badly supplied with other fuel, it is of unspeakable utility in adding to their wants and comforts in the winter season. Peat, in appearance, is a mass of black substance or earth;

it is composed chiefly of mixed vegetable matter; in some peat ground large trees have been found buried many yards deep, and these were probably antediluvians. It is therefore clear that decayed vegetables afford the combustible property which, when ignited, heats the interposed earth, and forms a red burning mass. The heat produced is sufficiently great, but it is not very lasting, emitting rather a strong, though not a disagreeable smell: in some kinds, however, the scent is offensive: the ashes produced are, in quantity, about a twentieth of the whole mass. It is cut from the bog with an angular scoop, which yields it in oblong pieces about ten inches in length, and five in breadth; these are piled up and housed for use when the weather is favourable.

There are also in the vicinity several lead-mines, the ore of which is generally found in a matrix of calcareous spar, or carbonate of lime. The Romans first began to open mines here, after which they were neglected until the latter end of Elizabeth's reign. Silver, it is well known, is generally found in lead, but the ores in Cardiganshire have occasionally yielded so large a quantity, not less than a hundred ounces in a ton, as to have obtained for them the appellation of the Welsh Potosi. Charles the First granted to certain owners of the mines the privilege of coining, and a mint for this purpose was established, and worked at the Castle at Aberystwith. The money consisted of half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and smaller coins, and it was stamped on each side

with a plume of ostrich feathers; these pieces are commonly met with in the cabinet of the antiquarian, excepting the penny, which is extremely rare. At Esgairvraith, about three miles from Aberystwith, is a copper-mine, and there are also some slate quarries, but in importance, as well as in the quality of the slates, they are far inferior to those in North Wales.

The general appearance of the country, as respects the important occupation of the farmer, is, in the county of Cardigan, by no means satisfactory. In this district especially, the farming buildings bespeak poverty, and the cottages, or rather huts, are generally miserable, being chiefly built of mud walls, roofed with turf. The harvest is collected and placed in small thatched ricks, covered in some instances by sheds, affording shelter to the grain, which, when wanted, is beat out on the floor of their dwellings. Much has been said and written upon the habitations of the Irish paupers, the wretchedness of which is almost proverbial, but the squalid misery and dirty state of many a vile hovel which we here encountered would surely vie with the worst specimens of the sister country. The floor of this comfortless abode is often the mutual resort of their pigs, ducks, and children, together sharing the warmth of a turf fire, the smoke from which usually finds its way through the door, near to which is situated the pigsty and dunghill, and a stagnant puddle is commonly an addenda to this filth. From this description of their huts it would hardly be supposed that the

inmates could at any time make a decent appearance; at home, such is the fact: see them, however, abroad on Sundays, market days, or upon holidays, and the cottagers, especially the females, with their clean national costume, look neatness itself. Neither are they deficient in industry; an adult loiterer, either male or female, is hardly ever encountered; the latter is even usually seen at her knitting, both in pursuing her course along the road, as well as at market.

During some of our more limited excursions amongst the bye-roads, and up the steep ascent of the hills, we were often compelled to abandon our Fly, and, upon such occasions, were ever in admiration of the various and abundant wild flowers, and sumptuous heaths, with which the hedge-rows and the common fields are adorned. Often, during these rambles, would the following beautiful lines, from "The Romance of Nature," a recent and elegant production by L. A. Twanley, occur to the mind:

ON WILD FLOWERS.

"And are they not the stars of earth? Doth not
Our memory of their bright and varied forms
Wind back to childhood's days of guileless sport,
When these familiar friends of later years
A beauty and a mystery remain'd?
And were they not to infant eyes more dear
E'en than their starry kindred? For one glance
Of wondering love we lifted to the vault
Of the o'er-orb'd sky, have we not bent
Full many a glance of pleased affection down

To the green field, starr'd over with its hosts
Of daisies, countless as the blades of grass,
'Midst which they seem'd to look and laugh at us ?"

But farther; there can scarcely be any science the acquisition of which will lead the mind of man more forcibly to acknowledge the God of nature, than that which botany affords. The most common observer must, indeed, be captivated by the varied and admirable formation of flowers and plants, and he will be led thereby to contemplate, with equal delight, the whole economy of vegetation.

ABERYSTWITH, AUGUST 12TH, 1837.

SINCE the date of the preceding portion of this record, we have devoted a day in achieving the popular excursion to the Devil's Bridge, vulgarly so called, but more correctly, Pont Y Monach, or the Monk's Bridge; at what period the former appellation was conferred may be doubtful, but it may fairly be assumed that the surrounding wild scenery and the terrific character of the ravine beheld at this spot, has associated his satanic majesty therewith.

Upon attaining the summit of a lofty and steep hill, the base of which is not far from the extremity of this town, a most enchanting view of the Rheidol vale, with the many windings of its lovely stream, scarcely less capricious than those of its sister river, the ever romantic Wye, presents itself. Passing on through lofty hills, the road commanding other mountains in the distance, whilst the huge Plinlimmon, with his majestic head, far surmounts them all; the vale in the fore-ground also assuming at every turn new beauties, we at length attained our destination. Upon arriving at this far-famed and really wondrous scene, we crossed the bridge, and first descended on the opposite side to the bottom of the aperture, through which the Mynach rushes furiously to its bed, from the

mountains lying about five miles to the north-east. In effecting this descent, the rich banks on the adverse side of the tremendous chasm, clothed with the majestic oak, the mountain ash, and the pensile birch, are seen to great advantage, and upon reaching its foundation, a splendid view of these magnificent falls awaited us. From each side of the fearful cleft, the luxuriant foliage of the trees expands so as well nigh to embrace, and by partially concealing the cataracts, confers increased beauty on this scene of romance. The bridge has two arches, the one directly over the other. The lower arch is of very ancient date, and is supposed to have been erected in the eleventh century. It may fairly be considered as one of the leading architectural relics in Wales. Giraldus Cambriensis has recorded that he passed over it with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, whilst the latter was preaching the Crusades, A. D. 1188. The chasm under the arches is overhung with wood, and the abyss below being concealed thereby, the imagination is led to picture wonders which even surpass reality. Upon re-gaining the road, we made a second descent upon the nearer side of the aperture, through the beautiful wood, of which we had been in admiration during our first essay. We were now close by the side of the tremendous gulf, and verily "amongst the roar of waters." At the foot of each fall we halted, and not without feelings of dread, surveyed the beauties, and, it may justly be added, the horrors of the fearful sight. One

may, and indeed one is apt, after ocular evidence, either in a waking or sleeping vision to dream of such a scene as was now before us; but neither the pen of the author nor the pencil of the artist can faithfully describe one similar to it. The rocky path, which aided our footsteps, is now rendered safe; and on again reaching the base of the declivity, we enjoyed a nearer and more distinct view both of the bridge and the several falls. Perhaps it would have been wiser to have given our first attention to this division of our ramble. The detail of the scene is here better understood, and the more comprehensive view from the foot at the opposite side of the chasm might therefore in succession be more readily and effectually descried.

The height of the various falls is as follows: viz.

	Feet
First fall	18
Second	60
Third	20
Fourth, or Grand Cataract	110
	208
Height from the bridge to the water	114
	322

Taking, however, the inclined direction of the river into the scale, the total height from the bridge would be 500 feet. The last fall of 110 feet, as above stated, is truly grand. Tumbling headlong over a projecting ledge of the rock, down

this immense descent, it hurries onward through a stony bed, until it unites its waters with those of the Rheidol, which rush from the mountains opposite. The following beautiful lines will finely describe this distinct cataract:

"Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round;
At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad,
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower:
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale."

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Nor should the ensuing extract from "The Springs of Plinlimmon," a pretty little poem by the Rev. Luke Booker, and specially applied to these falls, be here omitted:

"And who can unconcern'd explore
The gulf whence mighty waters roar,
Thundering, so dins the startled ear,
That they who look shrink back with fear;
Lest, from the verge, by terror's frown
Appall'd, they topple lifeless down.
Nor he more safe himself will deem,
Who, from below, beholds the stream,
A cataract all foamy white,
Come tumbling from the dizzy height."

It is much to be lamented that the Hafod Arms

Inn, erected by the late Mr. Johnes, should at present be closed. The Duke of Newcastle, the present noble proprietor of Hafod, will surely cause this accommodation to be revived. Besides that, for lack of it, very great inconvenience is now felt by the numerous visitors to this unrivalled spot; they at the same time are deprived of the views from the windows of the hotel, which must be grand and enchanting in the extreme. In the absence of this resort we procured some refreshment at a small inn, which we had previously passed by the side of the road, nearly a mile from the bridge. In afterwards directing our homeward course, new beauties, at every turn, continued to attract our regard. The lovely river, meandering through a vale, not less than eight miles in extent, sometimes interrupted in its course, and forming pretty little cascades, together with the opposite rocks and hanging woods, yielded a most enchanting foreground; whilst in their magnificence, the distant mountains bounded the scene. Again, too, in attempting to describe this splendid prospect, one cannot fail to celebrate Plinlimmon, that prolific parent of rivers, and which ever appearing so eminently conspicuous, we at once exclaim, that

> " Yonder the monarch sole he seems
> 'Mid lesser hills. With solar beams
> His head is crown'd, which now he rears
> To the dense clouds, and disappears,
> Save at the footstool of his throne,
> Where his stupendous base is shown;
> While hark ! from the concealing cloud

He speaks in thunder deep and loud:
But soon that cloud in masses gray,
Like buoyant vessels, sails away,
Dissolving in the sunny ray,
And nature bids the landscape smile,
Like Eden, ere insidious guile
Blighted its charms."

SPRINGS OF PLINLIMMON.

A fine morning, succeeded by a lovely evening, contributed to the enjoyment of our excursion to Pont y Monach: and a mile or two ere we re-entered Aberystwith, a glorious setting of the illustrious orb of day became quite consonant with Shakespeare's powerful description of this ever enchanting spectacle:

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

ABERYSTWITH, AUGUST 19TH, 1837.

ANOTHER week has too quickly passed away in the enjoyment of this very delightful coast, and we shall now soon bid adieu to scenes which have been more than usually captivating. Having been highly favoured by a fine season, by the society of several friends, visitors like ourselves to the place, by every accommodation afforded at our lodgings, and by the beauty and variety of our excursions abroad, we must experience much regret in our departure. May the retrospect of this short period of past life afford that satisfaction which, if coupled with a feeling that these blessings have not been abused, it will surely confer; and should it be, as it almost ever will be, that heaviness of heart will, in a certain degree, accompany the review of days that are gone, whether spent in joy or sorrow, from a consciousness that farther improvement might have been their result, may that conviction be so far encouraged as to mark the future with a better and more circumspect use of the present moment, for, as it is beautifully expressed by Dr. Young in his "Night Thoughts:"

> "By Nature's law, what may be, may be now;
> There's no prerogative in human hours!
> In human hearts, what bolder thoughts can rise,

Than Man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this, perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire."

We have recently occupied another day in an excursion over the Borth sands, to Aberdovey. There are two roads from Aberystwith to Borth. We had on a previous occasion wended our way through rough and narrow lanes, leading on the nearer side of Gogerddan. In this direction, however, we had not long quitted the "turnpike," the term usually applied by the Welsh to their main roads, when our Fly was in peril of being impeded in its progress. This again and again occurred, and more than once we missed our way. At length we reached the summit of a lofty hill above the village of Borth, commanding one of the most splendid views we had hitherto enjoyed, and where the eye, pervading its immense arena of sands, is attracted by the beautiful little sea-bathing resort of Aberdovey, from whence it is carried to the mountains in North Wales, Cader Idris, and even Snowdon being dimly seen in the distance. A boundless ocean upon the left of this extensive prospect conveys to the mind the most sublime ideas. It was truly

"The sea! The sea! the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,

It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies."

The descent from this point is long, steep, and even somewhat hazardous, so that, on reaching the vale, we were glad to return home by the more frequented road. We adopted, upon the present occasion, the usual route, which, taking a northernly direction, first passes Penglais, the handsome residence of Mr. Richards, and then ascending Cwm Cynvelin, overlooks the fine and extensive vale of Clarach. It then winds around the beautifully wooded grounds of Gogerddan, the seat of the Pryse family, celebrated as the birth-place of Llwyd, a noted Welsh poet. Three miles farther on is the village of Borth, comprising, chiefly, a straggling range of fishermen's dirty huts. Here the far famed sands commence, and extend from the village to the river Dovey, a distance of more than three miles.

The day was fine, but accompanied by a brisk wind, which, disturbing the wide expanse of sand, produced an undulation much resembling the waves of the ocean, which, at a short distance upon the left of our track, were dashing in tumultuous roar. The high sand-banks to the right added to the very striking effect of this novel scene. Upon reaching the mouth of the Dovey, or Dyvi river, we prepared to cross the ferry in an open six-oared boat, which we were obliged to hail from the opposite shore. It was now low water, and about two P.M. Finding, therefore, that

our return might be delayed for three or four hours, we left our equipage in the care of the drivers, appointing the place and hour for rejoining them in the evening. We then soon landed at the small seaport of Aberdovey, situated at the foot of some romantic rocks, and on the verge of the county of Merioneth. Till latterly, this place, like Borth, has been chiefly inhabited by fishermen, but it now assumes the character of a neat though small resort for sea-bathing. There are two good inns and several respectable lodging houses. Bathing machines are provided, and the boat excursions on the river are beautiful and romantic. A considerable number of vessels are employed, importing various goods from Bristol and Liverpool, and exporting the productions of the vale of Dovey. At the approach of high water, about six o'clock, we recrossed the ferry, meeting our carriage at the appointed hour; but, instead of smooth sand, we were compelled to encounter three miles of very rough road in regaining the village of Borth. In effecting this day's excursion a fine day is important, and the period of low water should, as on this day, be about two o'clock. A guide, well acquainted with the sands, is also very essential. We were fortunate in each particular, and reached Aberystwith in good time, much pleased with the occupation of the day. Boat excursions are sometimes made from Aberystwith to Borth, Aberdovey, and Barmouth, but it is scarcely ever safe and pleasant to achieve them.

By the obliging interference of a friend, we

have also been enabled to visit Nanteos, the charming residence of Colonel Hughes, about three miles from Aberystwith. The drive through the grounds, approaching to the mansion, is beautiful and diversified, and the latter possesses every convenience and comfort, being also furnished with much taste. Its situation is truly enviable, and more especially so to those who, perchance, by a series of years spent in the turmoil of this busy world, can duly appreciate the luxury of a spot thus sequestered from it, and which at the same time embraces, in an eminent degree, the various beauties which nature contributes, aptly assisted by art. With most persons, however, it would be incongruous, with all it may be faulty, to indulge in those ideas which lead to a wish for seclusion. Yet, whilst musing in such scenes as these, dreams, perhaps, airy dreams of this nature will intrude, and the imagination be too readily biased to revel in the charms of solitude:

> "O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
> Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
> By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
> We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;
> The genuine offspring of her loved embrace,
> Strangers on earth are Innocence and Peace.
> There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
> We smile to hear the distant tempest roar:
> There blest with health, with business unperplex'd,
> This life we relish, and insure the next:
> There too the Muses sport!"
>
> YOUNG.

Such were the feelings with which my mind became imbued during our visit to Nanteos.

Our sojourn at Aberystwith will terminate in two or three days, and the continuation of this journal will probably be dated during the progress of our FLY through the northern part of the principality.

MACHYNLLETH, AUGUST 23RD, 1837.

ABERYSTWITH TO MACHYNLLETH . 18 MILES.

FAR from having been wearied of Aberystwith and its neighbourhood, the favourable impression which both had originally conveyed was, during a visit of three weeks, much enhanced, and our "Good bye" was consequently this day uttered with regret. Moreover, the healthful sea-breezes, coupled with a daily contemplation of the majestic ocean, are likewise privileges which can never be forsaken but with feelings of sadness. What object can, indeed, more effectually elevate the soul to the adoration of the Almighty Creator of the universe?

"He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as it were upon an heap, and layeth up the deep as in a treasure house."

The grateful sublimity of this imposing scene will especially impress the mind, whilst wandering on the beach in the freshness of early morning; and,

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half

The fleeting moments of too short a life!
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves?

THOMSON.

Yet more vivid will be its effect in the still silence of a moonlight evening

"To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that has been led astray,
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

MILTON.

At such seasons the mind will be raised above this lower world, and often will that train of thought arise which appears to have engrossed the imagination of an eminent noble poet, when, in his "Childe Harold," he introduces the following beautiful lines:

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height,
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity:
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

"A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order. . . .
. . . . . .

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still; from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast."

BYRON.

In thus closing the few remarks which have been made upon Aberystwith and its vicinity, it is but fair to venture an opinion, that few places on the coast are more worthy of notice. At some future period we hope to renew an acquaintance with it. Alas! we now must pronounce,

" Farewell thy printless sands and pebbly shore!
I hear the white surge beat thy coast no more!"

" Farewell to thy sumptuous wave,
To thy hills, to thy valleys, farewell!
In sadness thy shores do we leave,
Yet here will remembrance oft dwell."

Our FLY first directing its course by Penglais on the left, we again enjoyed, from the onward eminence, an extensive view of the Clarach vale, and winding round the beautiful domain of Gogerdden, the road commanded fine views of the ocean. Then inclining to the right, the Borth sands, and the small seaport of Aberdovey attract the attention, whilst the bosom of the Dovey river, overspread with small trading vessels and pleasure-boats, and bounded by a fine chain of hills, affords a powerful feature in the landscape. It is in this direction that the picturesque character of the river, as well as its commercial importance, can be duly appreciated. Till within two miles of

Machynlleth it is navigable for vessels of eighty tons burden. The utility and convenience afforded by its course to the considerable manufactories of iron, slate, and flannel in the neighbourhood, is incalculable; and from the quay at Derwenlas, two miles from Machynlleth, slates, ore, &c. are shipped for exportation. The effect of this commerce has been the settlement of rather an important population in this district, which we particularly noticed in the villages of Talybont and Eglwysfach, about midway between Aberystwith and Machynlleth. It has been supposed that the tomb of Taliesin, the celebrated bard, who flourished about thirteen centuries since, lies to the right of this road, but this is dubious, though a large mound of earth, surrounded by two circles of stones, is exhibited with this assertion. The infancy of this British poet was marked by a destiny similar to that which was associated with the earliest days of the future great lawgiver to the Jews. He was exposed, by the cruelty of a mother, in a coracle, wrapped in a leathern bag. When discovered, he was brought to Prince Elphin, who ordered that care should be taken of the child. He afterwards received the best education, and was introduced by Elphin to his father Gwyddno Garanir, a petty king in the principality. Here his bardic talents soon became eminent. One of his chief odes is introduced, by T. Evans, in his collection of old ballads, beautifully translated by a Welsh lady, about half a century since, as follows:

DYHUDDIANT ELPHIN; OR, ELPHIN'S CONSOLATION.

" Elphin ! fair as roseate morn,
Cease, O lovely youth, to mourn ;
Mortals never should presume
To dispute their Maker's doom.
Feeble race ! too blind to scan
What the Almighty deigns for man ;
Humble hope be still thy guide,
Steady faith thy only pride,
Then despair will fade away,
Like demons at the approach of day.
Cunllo's prayers acceptance gain,
Goodness never sues in vain :
He who form'd the sky is just,
In him alone, O Elphin ! trust.
See glist'ning spoils in shoals appear,
Fate smiles this hour on Gwyddon's wear.

" Elphin fair ! the clouds dispel,
That on thy lovely visage dwell ;
Wipe, ah, wipe the pearly tear,
Nor let thy manly bosom fear ;
What good can melancholy give ?
'Tis bondage in her train to live.
Pungent sorrows doubts proclaim,
Ill suits those doubts a Christian's name ;
Thy great Creator's wonders trace,
His love divine to mortal race ;
Then doubt and fear and pain will fly,
And hope beam radiant in thine eye.
Behold me, least of human kind,
Yet heaven illumes my soaring mind.

" Lo ! from the yawning deep I came,
Friend to thy lineage and thy fame,
To point thee out the paths of truth,
To guard from hidden rocks thy youth ;

From seas, from mountains, far and wide,
God will the good and virtuous guide.

" Elphin fair! with virtue blest,
Let not that virtue idly rest;
If roused, 'twill yield thee sure relief,
And banish far unmanly grief:
Think on that power whose arm can save,
Who e'en can snatch thee from the grave;
He bade my harp for thee be strung,
Prophetic lays he taught my tongue.
Though like a slender reed I grow,
Toss'd by the billows to and fro,
Yet still, by Him inspired, my song
The weak can raise, confound the strong;
Am not I better, Elphin, say,
Than thousands of thy scaly prey?

" Elphin! fair as roseate morn,
Cease, O lovely youth! to mourn.
Weak on my leathern couch I lie,
Yet heavenly lore I can descry;
Gifts divine my tongue inspire,
My bosom glows celestial fire;
Mark! how it mounts! my lips disclose
The certain fate of Elphin's foes.
Fix thy hopes on Him alone
Who is the eternal Three in One;
There thy ardent vows be given,
Prayer acceptance meets from heaven;
Then thou shalt adverse fate defy,
And Elphin glorious live and die."

The tradition farther says, that the salmon wear, in which the babe had been exposed, had been granted to Elphin for his support. The young prince was, however, by extravagance reduced to want and consequent despondence. After he had taken pity on the child his affairs prospered; and

Taliesin, in the character of an infant bard, on the night he was found, subsequently addressed the above moral ode to his benefactor.

Farther on, and about five miles before Machynlleth, the road crosses the Lyffnant river at Caerheddyn, and here it enters the county of Montgomery. Still farther upon the left is Talgarth, the seat of Mr. Edwards. During the whole of this stage of eighteen miles the scenery is varied and beautiful; and the excellent accommodation which awaited us at the Wynstay Arms Hotel, upon arriving at Machynlleth, completed the gratification which this commencement of our northern tour had afforded.

Machynlleth, pronounced Mahunthleth, is beautifully situated in a sequestered spot near the river Dovey, and adjacent to its confluence with the Dulas. The stupendous hill of Arran y Gessel appears to impend over it. This town is of great antiquity, and it is supposed to have been the Maglona of the Romans, who chose it as a fit station for their forces to overawe the mountaineers. The population is upwards of 2000, many of whom are employed in their woollen manufactories, though the slate quarries and lead mines in the neighbourhood afford work to a considerable portion of the inhabitants. The principal street is wide and cheerful, and there is a fine view from the churchyard. A handsome town hall was built, about half a century since, by Sir W. W. Wynne, and the situation of the market house is well chosen. There is also an endowed

free school. At the close of the year 1402 Owen Glendwr summoned a parliament here, and caused himself to be solemnly inaugurated Prince of Wales. The old house in which this assembly was held is still shown. It was upon this occasion that David Gam, the bitter enemy of Glendwr, formed a plot to assassinate him; but his purpose was discovered, and he was thrown into confinement. Owen, however, with a generosity seldom exhibited in those times, liberated him; and he afterwards bravely served with the English forces in France, under Henry the Fifth, and fell at the battle of Agincourt. His reply to this monarch, after reconnoitring the enemy and subsequently enumerating them, is memorable: "Please your majesty," said the intrepid soldier, "there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." It has been asserted that Shakespeare had this valiant Welshman in view when he sketched the character of his Captain Fluellen. Unless, however, we may challenge our immortal poet with a palpable oversight, an inference which, to say the truth, may not be altogether misplaced, such could not have been the fact; for when, after the aforesaid engagement, Henry demands from the herald a list of the killed, Fluellen was present, and joins, with the king and his uncle, the Duke of Exeter, in the following colloquy:

"K. Hen. Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents a paper.*

Edward the Duke of York; the Earl of Suffolk;

Sir Richard Ketley; 'Davy Gam, Esquire;'
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty! O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
*On one part and the other? Take it, God!
For it is only thine.

EXETER. 'Tis wonderful.

K. HEN. Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

FLU. Is it not lawful, an' please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. HEN. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

FLU. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. HEN. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum:'
The dead with charity inclosed in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men."

Fluellen, moreover, again appears in the fifth act of this play, and enacts the humorous scene wherein he makes the swaggering Pistol eat the leek, for taunting him with his Welsh habits:

"FLU. Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you.

PIST. Ha! art thou Bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

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* The French upon this occasion lost ten thousand men; nearly eight thousand of this number being nobles, knights, and gentlemen.—*See* HENRY V. *Act* 4. *Scene the last.*

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is; I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Pist. Must I bite? Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat."

About two miles from this town is a place called Cefu Caer, or Ridge of the City, formerly a Roman fortification, and where relics, together with the coins of Augustus and Tiberius, have been found, confirming this interesting fact. The antiquarian as well as the historical interest, therefore, attached to this place, the open and healthful appearance which the streets exhibit, and the excellent accommodation afforded to travellers, render it as worthy of regard as most of the towns in North Wales. The road from Shrewsbury, and from the northern part of the principality to Aberystwith, passes through it, which, during the summer months, gives it a considerable thoroughfare, and the new road from hence to Towyn abounds in picturesque views.

In the morning we proceed on our expedition, the next report of which will probably be dated from Dolgelly.

DOLGELLY, AUGUST 24TH, 1837.

MACHYNLLETH TO DOLGELLY . . . . 16 MILES.

THE rich and luxuriant counties of Gloucester and Hereford, with the beautiful scenery attached to them, the bulky and extended ranges of hills, which, though sometimes rugged and barren, are often adorned with fine woods and spacious valleys, throughout those of Radnor and Cardigan, and last, though not least, a sojourn of three weeks upon the shores of the "deep and wide seas" had all hitherto contributed to afford the most genuine satisfaction to our present holiday. We have now entered upon the mountainous scenery of the northern counties of the principality, and have already acknowledged the powerful contrast which it forms to any gratification hitherto experienced. Passing from that corner of the county of Montgomery in which Machynlleth is situated, and crossing the river Dovey, nearly at its confluence with the lovely and romantic Dulas, our FLY was welcomed by the county of Merioneth. At first on the left, and then to the right of the road, the latter river eminently conduces by its romantic wanderings, as well as by several beautiful falls, to give effect to the splendid mountain scenery afforded by the

Arran y Gessel chain, and the impending rocks during the first seven or eight miles. Often too, when unseen, this sportive stream, sometimes in gentle murmurs, and then by the angry rushing of its torrents, harmoniously strives at once to soothe and exhilarate the spirits. The transparency of the water is such as to render the bed of the river clearly apparent at its utmost depth, which is sometimes twelve or fourteen feet. It is impossible to describe the multifarious beauties of this enchanting vale. Perhaps the most appropriate eulogy would be to affirm, that it formed a suitable introduction to the splendid view which awaited us, about eight miles from Machynlleth. The imagination cannot conceive any prospect, wherein the union of all that is magnificent with all that is enchanting, is more powerfully marked than at this point of the road. The day was extremely fine. The foreground presented rich and fertile inclosures of arable as well as pasture land, the former luxuriantly smiling with ripe corn. This portion of the scene, whilst thus adorned, well responded to Thomson's beautiful opening of his Autumnal season:

> "Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
> Now 'Autumn' nodding o'er the yellow plain
> Comes jovial on. Whate'er the wintry frost
> Nitrous prepared, the various blossom'd Spring
> Put in white promise forth, and Summer suns
> Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view;
> Full, perfect all. Attemper'd suns arise,
> Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds,
> A pleasing calm, while broad and brown below,

Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
. . . . . .
These are thy blessings, Industry, rough power,
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life. . . .
. . . Pensive Winter, cheer'd by thee,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
The excluded tempest idly rave along;
Thy harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without thee Summer were an arid waste:
Nor to the Autumnal months could thus transmit
These full mature immeasurable stores
That wave around."

These grounds were surmounted by extensive sheep-walks reaching far on the sides of the stupendous Cader Idris, the father of the Merioneth mountains, and which, at this favoured spot, seems to rear its majestic summit to the skies. At the base of the mountain, the valley extends itself and comprises the small village of Tal y Llyn, with its charming lake deserving every panegyric, reaching two miles in length, and being one in breadth. This parish is eight miles in extent, and comprises a large portion of the mountainous chain. I have somewhere seen a pictorial view of this scene; it is, however, one of those prospects to which the poet would allude when he asks,

"But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears

> In every glance we seize ?* If fancy then
> Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
> Ah ! what shall language do ?"
>
> THOMSON.

Turning with reluctance from this enchanting view, the road upon the right hand is overhung with jutting rocks. Huge columnar fragments, apparently disjointed from the strata, seem ready to tumble from their dizzy heights, and to crush to atoms every thing beneath. Thus, whatever is romantic and beautiful, whatever is stern and terrific appears to centre at this spot. A short distance farther, "mine host" of the Blue Lion, a decent little inn upon the road side, offered his services as a guide to ascend the mountain ; we had previously, however, allotted this expedition to our visit at Dolgelly, besides, the ascent from Tal y Llyn is very steep and craggy, although quite feasible to the hardy pedestrian. Three miles farther, and close on the side of the road, is Llyn Teigraienyn, deriving its name from three large pieces of rock, fallen into the lake, most probably from the adjacent mountain. Vulgar report tells us, that these fragments were no other than three grains, which, "molesting his tender feet," the giant Idris cast from his shoe. This lake, although small, is fifty fathoms in depth, and, together with many others, receiving their waters

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* "In every bud that blows." The above alteration appeared rather more suitable for the "present occasion," and I have therefore "dared" to make it.

from the Cader, abounds with fish. The amphibious otter, also, seldom seen in England, from his not being fond of rivers, often frequents these lakes. The cwms of the mountains are well fitted for his daily retreat, whilst his predatory perambulations are effected by night. Nearly the whole of the remaining distance to Dolgelly is still marked by features of the most imposing character. Frightful rocks continue to impend over the head of the traveller upon the right of the road, whilst, on his left, every step is attended by striking and ever varied points of the gigantic Cader Idris. Two miles before Dolgelly is Nannau Park, the seat of the Vaughan family. The surrounding grounds are beautifully wooded. The oak, the beech, the walnut, the acacia, the fir, the lime, the ash, with almost every variety of tree and shrub, are grouped in good taste, and the gardens are spacious and beautiful. This place was formerly the residence of Howel Sele, the inveterate enemy of Owen Glendwr. A large oak, measuring twenty-eight feet in circumference, formerly stood in its demesne. It was called "Ceubren yr Ellyll," or, "The Spirits' blasted Tree." The legend of this monarch of the forest is related as follows:

Howel Sele, the possessor of this house, and first cousin to Owen Glendwr, refusing to espouse his kinsman's and his country's cause, incurred the indignation of the warrior. While hunting together one day, Owen observed a doe feeding, and told Howel, who was reckoned the best

archer of his day, that there was a fine mark for him. Howel bent his bow, and pretending to aim at the doe, suddenly turned and discharged his arrow full at the breast of Glendwr, who fortunately had armour beneath his clothes, and so received no hurt. Enraged at this treachery, he seized on Sele, burnt his house, and hurried away from the place, nor could any one ever learn how the body of Howel was disposed of till forty years after, when the skeleton of a man was discovered in the body of the oak where Owen was supposed to have immured him. There is an interesting historical, or rather a traditional, tale in verse upon this narrative, by the Rev. George Warrington. It differs in some particulars from the above, but I am nevertheless induced to insert it. I met with it in a note upon the following passage in Scott's Marmion, Canto vi :

> " All nations have their omens drear,
> Their legends wild of woe and fear.
> To Cambria look. The peasant see,
> Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
> And shun the ' Spirits' blasted Tree.' "

The poem, which is prettily written, is then introduced as follows :

" CEUBREN YR ELLYLL," OR, " THE SPIRITS' BLASTED TREE."

> " THROUGH Nannau's chase as Howel pass'd,
> A chief esteem'd both brave and kind,
> Far distant borne, the stag-hound's cry
> Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

" Starting he bent an eager ear,
How should the sounds return again ?
His hounds lay weary from the chase,
And all at home his hunter train.

" Then sudden anger flash'd his eye,
And deep revenge he vow'd to take,
On that bold man who dared to force
His red deer from the forest brake !

" Unhappy chief ! would nought avail,
No signs impress thy heart with fear,
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary seer ?

" Three ravens gave the note of death
As through mid air they wing'd their way ;
Then o'er his head, in rapid flight,
They croak, they scent their destined prey.

" Ill omen'd bird ! as legends say,
Who hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow.

" Blinded by rage, alone he pass'd,
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid ;
But what his fate lay long unknown,
For many an anxious year delay'd.

" A peasant mark'd his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake's dark bourne ;
He saw him near a blasted oak,
But never from that hour return.

" Three days past o'er, no tidings came ;
Where should the chief his steps delay ?
With wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet know not where to point their way.

" His vassals ranged the mountains' height,
The covert close and wide spread plain,
But all in vain their eager search,
They ne'er must see their lord again.

" Yet fancy in a thousand shapes
Bore to his home the chief once more;
Some saw him in high Moel's top,
Some saw him on the winding shore.

" With wonder fraught the tale went round,
Amazement chain'd the hearer's tongue;
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

" Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse and steward gray
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,
Or mark the flitting spirit stray.

" Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
'Twas even said the blasted Oak
Convulsive heaved a hollow groan.

" And to this day the peasant still
With cautious fear avoids the ground;
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound.

" Ten annual suns had held their course,
In summer's smile or winter's storm;
The lady shed the widow'd tear,
As oft she traced his manly form.

" Yet still to hope her breast would cling,
As o'er the mind illusions play;
Of travel fond, perhaps her lord
To distant lands had steer'd his way.

" 'Twas now November's cheerless hour,
Which drenching rains and clouds deface;
Dreary bleak Robell's track appear'd,
And dull and dank each valley's space.

" Loud o'er the wear the hoarse flood fell,
And dash'd the foamy spray on high;
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angry frown'd the evening sky.

" A stranger pass'd Llanelltid's bourne,
His dark gray steed with sweat besprent;
Which, wearied with the lengthen'd way,
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

" The portal reach'd—the iron bell
Loud sounded round the outward wall;
Quick sprang the warder to the gate,
To know what meant the clam'rous call.

" ' O lead me to your lady soon;
Say,—it is my sad lot to tell,
To clear the fate of that brave knight,
She long has proved she loved so well.'

" Then as he cross'd the spacious hall,
The menials look surprise and fear;
Still o'er his harp old Modred hung,
And touch'd the notes for grief's worn ear.

" The lady sat amidst her train,
A mellow'd sorrow mark'd her look;
Then asking what his mission meant,
The graceful stranger sigh'd and spoke:

" ' O could I spread one ray of hope,
One moment raise thy soul from woe;
Gladly my tongue would tell the tale,
My words at ease unfetter'd flow!

" ' Now, lady, give attention due,
The story claims thy full belief;
E'en in the worst events of life
Suspense removed is some relief.

" ' Though worn by care see Madoc here,
Great Glendwr's friend, thy kindred's foe;
Ah, let his name no anger raise,
For now that mighty chief lies low!

" ' E'en from the day when, chain'd by fate,
By wizard's dream, or potent spell;
Ling'ring from sad Salopia's field,
Reft of his aid, the Percy fell!

" ' E'en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pursued him with unwearied step,
Vindictive still for Hotspur's death.

" ' Vanquish'd at length the Glendwr fled,
Where winds the Wye her devious flood;
To find a casual shelter there,
In some lone cot or desert wood.

" ' Clothed in a shepherd's humble guise,
He gain'd by toil his scanty bread;
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne,
And her brave sons to glory led.

" ' To penury extreme and grief
The chieftain fell a ling'ring prey;
I heard his last few faltering words,
Such as with pain I now convey.

" ' To Sele's sad widow bear the tale,
Nor let our horrid secret rest;
Give but his corse to sacred earth,
Then may my parting soul be blest.

" ' Dim wax'd the eye that fiercely shone,
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke,
And weak that arm, still raised to me,
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.

" ' How could I ' then' his mandate hear,
Or how his last behest obey;
A rebel deem'd with him I fled,
With him I shunn'd the light of day.

" ' Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost, despoil'd my land;
Desperate I fled my native soil,
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

" ' O had thy long lamented lord
The holy cross and banner view'd;
Died in the sacred cause! who fell,
Sad victim of a private feud!

" ' Led by the ardour of the chase,
Far distant from his own domain;
From where Garthmaelen spreads her shades,
The Glendwr sought the opening plain.

" ' With head aloft and antlers wide,
A red buck roused then cross'd in view;
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

" ' With bitter taunt and keen reproach,
He, all impetuous, pour'd his rage;
Reviled the chief as weak in arms,
And bade him loud the battle wage.

" ' Glendwr for once restrain'd his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delays;
But soften'd words, like oil on fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

" ' They fought, and doubtful long the fray;
The Glendwr gave the fatal wound:
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

" ' How could we hope for wish'd retreat,
His eager vassals ranging wide?
His bloodhounds' keen sagacious scent,
O'er many a trackless mountain tried?

" ' I mark'd a broad and blasted Oak,
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare;
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare.

" ' Be this, I cried, his proper grave!—
(The thought in me was deadly sin;)
Aloft we raised the hapless chief,
And dropp'd his bleeding corpse within.'

" A shriek from all the damsels burst,
That pierced the vaulted roofs below;
While horror-struck the lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe.

" With stupid stare and vacant gaze
Full on his face her eyes were cast;
Absorb'd, she lost her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

" Like wild-fire o'er a mossy heath
The rumour through the hamlet ran;
The peasants crowd at morning dawn,
To hear the tale—behold the man.

" He led them near the blasted oak,
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew;
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whiten'd bones to view.

" Back they recoil'd; the right hand still
Contracted, grasp'd a rusty sword,
Which erst in many a battle gleam'd,
And proudly deck'd their slaughter'd lord.

" They bore the corse to Vener's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers address'd;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,
And gave the angry spirit rest."

This celebrated oak existed until the year 1813. In the night of 13th July, in that year, the venerable monarch fell to the ground. Sir Richard Colt Hoare relates, that on the previous morning he had made a drawing of it, in one, says he, of the most sultry days I ever felt. Its trunk was converted into various articles of utility, as well as ornament, and distributed by Sir Robert Vaughan amongst his friends.

A constant but gradual declivity of two miles, during which the most beautiful views of the majestic Cader chain, together with a pleasing prospect of the town, are from several points in the road obtained, introduced us to Dolgelly. We

found the inns to be crowded with guests; Mrs. Walker, however, the landlady at the Golden Lion, conducted us to a very pleasant residence, situated upon a bank in the immediate vicinity of the town, where we were provided with excellent accommodation.

DOLGELLY, AUGUST 25TH, 1837.

DOLGELLY, or Dolgellau, pronounced Dolgethly, derives its name from "Dôl," a dale, and "Gellen," a place abounding in hazel. It is the chief market-town in the county of Merioneth, and is beautifully situated in a luxurious vale, or rather at the junction of several valleys, upon the river Gwinion, or Union, over which, and near to the town, is a handsome stone bridge, commanding a fine view, which in every direction is bounded by lofty mountains, frequently clothed with luxurious woods. It may with safety be affirmed that this place was known to the Romans, the coins of Trajan and other emperors having been discovered in the neighbourhood. The best view of the town is obtained about two miles on the Machynlleth road. The County Hall is a good modern building, and the summer assizes are held here, those appointed in the winter being kept at Bala. The County Gaol is built outside the town, on the road to Towyn. The exterior of the church wears a respectable appearance, but the interior is by no means in unison with it. The "memento mori's" of departed friends are whimsically recorded, by placing the coffin plates with name, age, &c. on the walls. Owen Glendwr

assembled a parliament here in 1404, about two years subsequent to that which he summoned at Machynlleth; it was on this occasion that he formed an alliance with Charles, King of France. The population is upwards of 3000, of which a considerable portion are employed in the manufactories of flannels, coarse cloths, and stockings. The chief inns are the Golden Lion and the Ship.

Upon our arrival yesterday, after having made our arrangements for the night, we hired a fresh horse, and taking refreshments in the carriage, employed a beautiful evening in an excursion to the cataracts in the neighbourhood: they are situated on the left of the road leading towards Maentwrog. Passing through the village of Llaneltyd, the scenery becomes exceedingly grand; mountain after mountain, with the stupendous Idris seeming to overawe them with his terrific frowns, in every direction arrest the eye. At "The Traveller's Rest," a small inn by the side of the road, a guide to the falls is obtained. The cataract nearest to Dolgelly is situated at Dol-y-Melynllyn, about five miles from the former place. It is called Rhaiadyr Du, or the black cataract; a walk of half a mile through the grounds of Mr. Maddocks, who caused a good footpath to be made for the convenience of the public, brought us to it. The fall is double, rushing and foaming down two rocks with a tremendous noise. The white lichen which often covers the jet black rocks, together with the green livery of the overhanging trees, confers a striking effect upon this charmingly

romantic scene. The head of the cataract is about a mile from the road, and the ascent is steep; through this whole distance the roaring torrent dashes along a rugged channel, till it is lost to the eye, and falls at length, at some distance, into the Mawddach. Between two and three miles farther on, are the falls of Rhaiadyr y Mawddach, and Pistyll-y-Cayn, both of which are well worthy the attention of the tourist. The latter is the highest cataract of the three. A narrow stream rushes down a descent of nearly 200 feet, and the immense fragments of broken rock at the foot of the fall, the varied tints of the oak, birch, and elm trees, give it an eminently fine effect. We were obliged to forego the gratification of a visit to these two latter cataracts. Evening drew on as we quitted the Rhaiadyr Du, and we had, indeed, during the whole of this memorable day, been so entirely engrossed by a constant succession of the most sublime and beautiful scenery, that the attention seemed to require repose, and about eight o'clock we turned back towards Dolgelly, under feelings which can never be obliterated from the mind, but which the tranquil quiet of a still and beautiful evening gradually lulled into a pleasing calm. Now

> " Sober evening takes
> Her wonted station in the middle air,
> A thousand shadows at her back. First this
> She sends on earth, then that of deeper dye
> Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
> In circle following circle, gathers round,
> To close the face of things. * *
> * * * * *

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds."

THOMSON.

In grateful sentiment for the safety with which this first essay of our FLY through this mountainous region had been attended, we entered our comfortable lodging, thankful, at the same time, for the enjoyment of a day, which is well pictured by the following simple yet beautiful hymn :—

" How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays all are gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

" Just such is the Christian: his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way.
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array!"

WATTS.

This morning has been devoted to the fulfilment of an object, perhaps the most attractive to the tourist pending his visit to Dolgelly; I mean an ascent to the summit of Cader Idris, the parent,

as before represented, of the Merionethshire mountains. Taking the Towyn road, and passing the small lake Llyn y Gader, we joined our guide, William Pugh, about three miles from Dolgelly, and, assisted by his ponies, commenced our expedition at eleven o'clock. The day was lovely, the sky being bright, and the atmosphere clear and pleasant. With these advantages, and with an adventure so novel before us, we felt highly elated, and at every fresh point in the ascent, these sensations were enhanced by the fine and varied objects in every direction around us. Cader Idris, literally Idris's Chair, rises 2850 feet above the town of Dolgelly. It derives its name from a giant, he being also a prince, and a reputed astrologer of this district, and who had a fortress at the summit of the mountain, from whence he could examine the motion of the heavenly bodies. From its foundation on the sea-shore, a mile from Towyn, it proceeds in length, with a constant ascent, for several miles, whilst its breadth scarcely exceeds, at the extreme portion of the base, four miles and a half, and in some parts it is not more than a mile, the summit being a mere ridge. It is very steep and craggy, and the southern descent to the border of Tal y Llyn lake is nearly perpendicular. We found the base of this stupendous mountain, the second in Wales, to consist of a long extent of dreary slope, over which the lofty Cader rises. On reaching the first ascent, coarse grass, concealing peat bogs, much prevails, and here the experience of the guide is very essential. Beyond this point a small plain is attained, which

forms the bottom of two rocky heads, called Tyrran Mawr, and Pen y Cader. These constitute the bifurcated summit of the mountain. We selected the latter, and now soon gained, after an ascent of about two hours and a half, this highest pinnacle of Cader Idris, seating ourselves in the giant's chair. Immediately around us, in all directions, loose columnar stones, many of them of enormous size, and standing upright, have a striking effect; and lead to the surmise, that they were thus cast up on that awful occasion, when "the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered." These higher parts are chiefly composed of granite and porphyry. Here our position proudly commanded every eminence throughout a vast expanse. Huge rocks, which in ascending we had viewed with dismay, were now far beneath, whilst lesser elevations altogether vanished amongst the extensive plains, many a lake appearing between them. Looking towards the north, Snowdon with its connexions shuts up the scene. On the west, the fine curve of Cardigan Bay, bounded by the shores and mountains of Caernarvon. Southwards, Plinlimmon with the Bay of Swansea are clearly visible, and on the east, the eye, glancing over the lake of Bala, is carried to the Arenig and the Arran mountains, which are included in the Cader chain, and in the distance the Breddin hills, on the confines of Shropshire, are likewise apparent:

> "The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
> Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

The world, as it were, appears beneath the spectator of a scene so impressively grand and immense, the mind is filled with awe, and the soul is elevated to Him, who "created the earth, with the inhabitants thereof;" to Him, who "established the mountains on their foundations;" to Him, who "layeth his beams in the chambers of the waters;" and,

"Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind?"

THOMSON.

Fine as was the day, the air was exceedingly keen; and having, with the assistance of our intelligent guide, satisfied our curiosity, assured also by him that throughout the day he had scarcely ever witnessed a more favourable atmosphere for the enjoyment of this interesting expedition, we commenced our descent, which was safely and agreeably effected in about an hour and a half. Looking round upon the noble object, which we had thus so favourably traversed, we exclaim,

"Majestic Cader, whose commanding head
So often canopied with Winter's snow,
Whose form is rent in many a chasm dread,
Adown whose sides the dashing torrents flow,
And in primeval majesty still throw
Their flakes of foam into the gulf below,
Mine eyes dwell on thy terrors, and my heart
Expands and trembles with a nameless glow!
Wildest of all the mountain kind thou art,
The rampart that protects old Cambria's heart."

BARMOUTH, AUGUST 26TH, 1837.

DOLGELLY TO BARMOUTH . . 10 MILES.

THE mountain air yesterday did not fail to sharpen our appetites for the thorough enjoyment of some mountain mutton, which having in good earnest discussed, we determined to proceed to this place. The evening continued fine, and we had therefore the full enjoyment of the peculiar but delightful scenery, which, at every step, pervades this distance of ten miles. Upon leaving Dolgelly, the road passes over the handsome stone bridge which crosses the Mawddach, where this river joins the Onion. About a mile and a half from the town, on the right, stand the ruins of Kymmer Abbey. It was founded in 1198, by some of the lords of Merioneth, and was dedicated to Saint Mary. The monks were of the Cistercian order. There is a small part only of the church belonging to this monastery left, and the remaining ruins of the latter now form a portion of a farm-house. From Llaneltyd turnpike, it is not more than half a mile distant. Advancing onwards, the foreground on the left is often enriched by the wooded banks of the Maw river, which frequently assumes the character of an expansive lake, and

at high water occupies the whole of the vale Through the openings of these woods, the noble Cader appears opposite, receiving, it might be imagined, his due homage from the many surrounding mountains. The words of the following beautiful ballad may appropriately be introduced, whilst attempting to describe this charming locality:

" The sun had gone down, and the monarch of mountains
Had robed his dark form in a mantle of cloud,
The primroses slept by the summer dried fountains,
And beauty's own river seemed dreaming aloud:
In the Dale of the Hazel all nature seemed weeping,
And mild was the moonlight that silvered the grove,
But wakeful as morn, flew my own mountain Mary,
To gladden my heart with the breathings of love.

" She looked down to blush from the gaze of her lover,
Her snowy lids veiling her heaven-blue eyes;
More sweet was her breath than the dew-sprinkled clover,
When morning first breaks through the gates of the skies.
The land-breeze sprang up, and my bark tripped her anchor,
Ah me, how we started to feel that fair wind!
' Remember,' she cried, ' the dear Dale of the Hazel,
And poor mountain Mary left weeping behind.'

" Far, far did I wander in climes hotly burning,
Till fortune repaid me with wealth in good store;
Then swift as a bird's flight o'er high waves returning,
Our vessel was wafted to Abermaw's shore.
With the speed of a roebuck, I flew to my Mary,
Joy's tears from her eyes fell like Midsummer rain;
And now in Dolgelly by wedlock united,
A world and its wealth shall ne'er part us again."

These fine and enchanting views were powerfully contrasted, upon the right hand, by lofty and tremendous rocks, close upon the road, sometimes

awfully barren, but frequently clothed with beautiful heaths and luxuriant foliage.

"Half way up
The purple heath is seen, but bare their brow,
And deep intrenched, and all beneath it spread
With mossy fragments riven to the top.
Amid the crags, and scarce discerned on high
Hangs here and there a sheep, by its faint bleat,
Discovered, while the astonished eye looks up
And marks it on the precipice's brink
Pick its scant food secure."

At length, after traversing a narrow shelf of the perpendicular rock, upon a portion of which Barmouth is situated, and from whence a grand view of the waters of the river, discharging themselves into Cardigan Bay, is obtained, we reached that place about eight o'clock; thus closing another day, throughout which we had again revelled in all that was beautiful and grand in nature, characterised, also, with perhaps even a more diffusive portion of novelty than was that which had preceded.

The favourable expectations, which we had been led to indulge of this place, have been, during, in the least flattering sense of the term, rather a 'long' day, somewhat disappointed. However, this animadversion may be ill-timed, and it is but fair to add an opinion, that Barmouth is not a place, which simply "en passant" would appear to advantage. It seems better suited for the enjoyment of a prolonged sojourn, and as a spot for quiet retirement when the beauties of the surrounding neighbourhood could at leisure be duly appreciated.

Barmouth, or Aber-Maw, is the only port in the county of Merioneth, and, as implied by the latter appellation, is stationed at the mouth of the river Maw, or Mawddach, which, at high water, forms a bay of about a mile in breadth. The town wears a most singular appearance, the houses being built in rows, one above the other, along the bottom and upon the side of a steep rock, which, in miniature, has been put in comparison with the rock of Gibraltar. It has also been said to resemble a portion of the city of Edinburgh, but in what respect I could not discover. The sand banks form a barrier to the inundations of the sea, being rendered available thereto, by the long creeping roots of the plants growing on them, and which cause the sand to aggregate. At high water, the excursions up the river to Dolgelly are delightful, possessing every advantage of mountain and vale, fine meadows, and wooded banks, all arranged in the most picturesque order. Packet boats frequently sail, both for the gratification of visitors and tourists, as well as to afford a convenient commerce with Dolgelly. Pleasure boats may also be obtained, and are much more agreeable. We witnessed the departure of a packet, so crammed with passengers of all grades, that her safety even appeared questionable. Excellent accommodation may be procured, both at the Cors-y-Gedol Arms, and at a large boarding-house, not far distant, and the private lodgings are commodious. The sea-bathing is good, but inferior to that at Aberystwith, and the machines lie at some dis-

tance, which is inconvenient. The warm and shower-baths are comfortable, but the approach to them is through deep sand, and consequently more feasible to the pedestrian, than to the invalid requiring a carriage conveyance. The parish church is a mile from the place, but a chapel of ease was erected about seven years since, in which the service is performed in English.

As a haven, Barmouth is, and must ever remain, inefficient for extensive commerce. A bar of sand, above which the tide rises a few feet only, prevents vessels getting out and in, excepting when the spring tides are very high; added to which obstacle, a long range of gravelly sand extends itself into the bay for upwards of twenty miles. It is called Sarn Bardric, and has caused the wreck of many vessels. In spite, however, of these difficulties, the industry and spirit of the inhabitants lead to the conducting of a pretty good trade with Ireland and other coasts. The population of the place is about 2000, and the manufactory, as well as export of flannel goods, is considerable.

During our short sojourn at the Cors-y-Gedol Arms, as indeed subsequently at several of the hotels in North Wales, our "après dinée" was furnished with an intellectual dessert of a very agreeable character, the harper of the place commonly assuming his wonted seat in the vestibule of the inn, and entertaining the guests with the animating chords of his pristine Welsh harp. His theme was usually selected from the fine old

national airs of the principality, which derive especial pathos when emanating from the skilful touch of this emphatic instrument. Here, however, I must not scruple to deplore the bad taste displayed, by occasionally merging into those strains which are foreign to the country, and quite incongruous with the harp, at any rate, with the simplicity of that lyre, which has been bequeathed to these humble 'artistes' by their ancestors. More than once, upon being favoured with some fantastic tune, I could have exclaimed with the Duke, in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night;"

> "Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
> That old and antique song we heard last night;
> Methought it did relieve my passion much;
> More than light airs, and recollected terms,
> Of these most brisk and giddy paced times:"

I therefore did not pause in urging upon our welcome visiter, the policy of a constant resort to the original Welsh melodies; such, for instance, as "Gorhoffedd Gwŷr Harlech," the march of the men of Harlech; "Croeso'r Wenynen," Welcome the Bee; "Serch Hudol" the allurement of love; "Winifreda;" "Ar hyd y nôs;" "Morva Rhuddlan;" "Cynghan-sail Cymry;" the Welsh Ground;" "Nôs Galan;" with many others equally beautiful:

> "Cambria! 'twas thus thy harps of old
> Each gallant heart's recess explored;
> Announcing feats of chieftains bold,
> To grace the hospitable board."—

Or should the harper imagine that he has to entertain an audience disposed rather to hilarity, he has still "At Home," "Codiad yr Hedydd," the rising sun; "Helár ysgyfarnog," hunting the hare; "Hoffedd Modryb Marged," Aunt Margaret's favourite; "Codiad yr Hedydd," the rising of the lark, &c. &c. Let him call to mind that,

> "These venerable ancient song-enditers
> Soared many a pitch above our modern writers,
> With rough majestic force they moved the heart,
> And strength and nature made amends for art."

Lastly, it would be well, if, upon the occasions to which I have referred, our humble and more modern bard would ask of himself:

> "Oh! if I would delight these kindly friends
> With music or with poem, where so soon
> As in our native language can I yield
> That solace?"

And let him feel assured that, in making this inquiry, he would ever find it the better part to adopt the course which I have thus ventured to prescribe.

The end of another week, one of those divisions of time coeval with creation itself, has now arrived. During its progress, a new world, as it were, in the grandeur of the mountain scenery with which we have been surrounded, is opened to us. To-morrow occurs the sabbath day; let us this evening hope that we may in the morning be suffered to acknowledge, with humble adoration in the house of the God of that sabbath, those blessings and

that gratification which during the past six days have been so amply distributed to us.

" Hail, Sabbath! man's fix'd weekly rest;
How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from the lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'er-mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise."

GRAHAM.

HARLECH, AUGUST 28TH, 1837.

BARMOUTH TO HARLECH . 10 MILES.

THE desire which was introduced at the late intermission of my journal was graciously bestowed, and it will be both a pleasure and a profit to revert, ere a farther allusion to our travels, to the exemplary and devotional manner in which the whole of the service was yesterday performed at Barmouth Church. Never, indeed, has it been my privilege to witness a more general or a more sincere feeling of piety to pervade any congregation. External service, it is true, is not chiefly to be regarded in our appreciation of religion, which ought ever mainly to consist in the inward value for piety and goodness, but still the "form of godliness," by which I chiefly allude to a regular attendance upon public worship, has an immense weight in enhancing the sacred cause, both in ourselves and others. Let that individual who does not readily enter into this position of the matter, recall to his mind the affirmation made by the royal psalmist: "Lord! I have loved the habitation of thy seat, and the place where thine honour dwelleth;" and he will surely feel the delight and the importance of a due regard for the

Divine cause in his church. Without the return of those consecrated days wherein we meet to "bow down and kneel before the Lord our maker," we should have to deplore, throughout the great bulk of the community, a most lamentable failure in that peace and good will towards each other, which is the leading prop of a well ordered society. This consideration ought to render the regular observance of this most salutary institution a positive duty, even if self interest were less deeply concerned. Insensible must be the heart of that being who does not, before the throne where all are alike suppliants for mercy and grace, feel and acknowledge that heart to be improved; and such, I will venture to affirm, was the happy result in many a breast on the occasion to which I now refer. The congregation devoutly followed the minister through our beautiful liturgy, audibly joining in the responses. There is no organ, but during the service, the words of the singing psalms, being first read by the clergyman, were sung at the usual periods; here again the congregation very generally united in singing the praises of their Maker, a practice which is much to be applauded, contributing, as it does, to promote true devotional feeling and conduct.

> "Lord! how delightful 'tis to see
> A whole assembly worship thee;
> At once they sing, at once they pray,
> They hear of heaven, and learn the way."

A visitor to the place, the Rev. Mr. Pratt, preached an excellent sermon in aid of the funds

for the Church Missionary Society, taking his text from the tenth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans :—

" For the same Lord over all, is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him, in whom they have not believed ? And how shall they believe in Him, of whom they have not heard ? And how shall they hear without a preacher ? And how shall they preach except they be sent ?"

Judicious and persuasive was the reasoning urged, during this excellent discourse. The preacher treated his subject in a full and luminous manner, and his hearers must have felt eminently interested, as well as edified, upon one of the most interesting topics which can emanate from the pulpit.

The distance from Barmouth to this place is about ten miles, and the road is formed almost entirely along the coast, affording a constant and fine view of the foaming ocean, bounded by the rocky shores of the Caernarvonshire promontory, which lay extended before us, and which constitutes the northern horn of Cardigan Bay. There is a pretty constant succession of neat villages, the chief of which are Llanavor, Talybont, and Llanbedir. Upon the right, the eye is attracted by the western termination of the Merioneth mountains. About four miles from Barmouth is Cors-y-Gedol, the ancient seat of the Vaughan family, in the neighbourhood of which are a variety of Druidical remains. The mansion is

not important, but the woods are extensive, and would form a noble feature in the prospect, had not the winds from the sea materially affected their growth. Upon the whole, this district furnishes a higher notion of respectability, and appears more populous, than we had witnessed for many miles; well built and neat houses and cottages being scattered in every direction. We arrived here towards the close of a fine afternoon; at that cool and silent hour wherein it is aptly urged by the poet;

> "This is the time
> For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
> To shut themselves from the degenerate crowd,
> And soar above this little scene of things;
> To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
> To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
> And woo lone quiet in her silent walks."
>
> THOMSON.

A more comfortable home than that which welcomed us, at the Blue Lion at Harlech, could not be desired. Cleanliness, good fare, and civility were eminently conspicuous.

This place, although the county town of Merioneth, possesses a very moderate number of buildings, and they are chiefly of a miserable character. Its population, indeed, does not number more than about 600. Harlech Castle is one of the most perfect in Wales. The shell is, indeed, nearly entire. Its form is quadrangular, and it was originally founded about the year 350, by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, a Welsh prince. Edward the First erected the present building, or, what is

more probable, repaired the former castle, as its form entirely differs from every other fabric raised by this monarch. Owen Glendwr seized it, but it was soon afterwards retaken. During the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, Dafydd ap Jenkin, a British nobleman, defended it with unparalleled courage against the fourth Edward, till William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, forcing his way through the Snowdon mountains, afterwards regained it for the house of York, encountering incredible difficulties to attain his purpose. Upon entering on the siege, Sir Richard Herbert, the brother of Pembroke, sent a menacing summons to the British commander, who returned his answer, "That he was determined to hold his castle so long, that all the old women in England should talk of him." He was at length, by famine, obliged to surrender. Richard stipulated to save his life, but Edward angrily rejected his intercession; upon which Pembroke plainly told the monarch, that he might take "his" life, or he would replace Dafydd in his castle, and his majesty might send whom he pleased to get him out again. After the defeat of Henry the Sixth at Northampton it afforded an asylum to Margaret of Anjou. During the civil wars it was alternately in the hands of the royal forces and of the parliament, and it appears to have been the last castle in Wales which adhered to the king, but it was finally taken by General Mytton in 1647.

In its origin this edifice was called, Twr Bronwen, from Bronwen, or "the fair necked," sister of

Bren ap Llyr, king of Britain. Each side of the quadrangle measures about 210 feet, and at every corner is a heavy round tower, on the summit of which were formerly smaller turrets of the same shape, most of which are now destroyed. The gateway also consists of two large circular bastions, and, besides the gate, was defended by three portcullises. Everywhere, indeed, these noble ruins indicate former great strength, to which its situation must also have infinitely contributed. Upon quitting such scenes the reflection will arise,

> "That time has seen, which lifts the low,
> And level lays the lofty brow;
> Has seen this broken pile complete,
> Big with the vanity of state."

The prospect from the castle is very fine, commanding a magnificent view of Cardigan Bay, Snowdon mountain, the promontory of Lleyn, Cricceath castle, and Pwlhely. Immediately in front of the hotel, the same splendid objects are also attained. Here again are we fully engrossed by that sublimity of thought, which the expansive bosom of the deep sea can never fail to inspire, and which is well embodied in the following beautiful lines by our poet Cowper:

> "Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
> Much of the power and majesty of God.
> He swathes about the swelling of the deep,
> That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep.
> Vast as it is, it answers as it flows
> The breathings of the lightest air that blows;
> Curling and whitening over all the waste,
> The rising waves obey the increasing blast;

Abrupt and horrid as the tempest roars,
Thunder and flash upon the steadfast shores;
Till He that rides the whirlwind checks the rein,
Then all the world of waters sleeps again."

In the vicinity of Harlech are several Druidical and Bardic remains, worthy the attention of the antiquary, but to visit them he must be an accomplished pedestrian.

In this neighbourhood the remark may aptly be made, that those who are in quest of the antique have expended much learning upon the Carnedds, Cromlechs, and other druidical remains, and, in many instances, the erudition thus acquired has proved satisfactory. It may however sometimes occur, amongst the barren and rocky districts in Wales, that heaps of stones are put together for no other purpose, than to afford a clearer pasture to the husbandman. Let me not however, by this suggestion, damp the ardour of the antiquary.

Amongst other rambles, the excursion to Cwm Bychan is one of the most interesting. It forms a narrow and grassy dell about a mile long, surrounded by scenery of a dismal and dreary character.

A very extraordinary phenomenon is related to have occurred in this district, in the year 1694. It extended in every direction, carrying devastation with it, wherever it came, and which was invariably effected in the night. Hay-ricks were burnt, and the herbage so much infected as to cause the death of numbers of the cattle. This terrible visitation continued, at intervals, during

eight months, and many conjectures were raised as to its cause. The real occasion of this pest has never been elicited. Mr. H. Llwyd suggests that the infection might have been created by swarms of locusts, which visited this coast, about two months before it appeared, and which were either drowned in the sea, or died of extreme cold upon the land. The more probable cause, however, may be, that it arose from large shoals of herrings, driven by the whales on the strand, and there putrifying, an event which has sometimes assumed a serious aspect upon the coasts of the Isle of Man and of Scotland, produced the disastrous consequences to which I have alluded. We must now prepare to resume our FLIGHT, hoping to be wafted to Tan-y-Bwlch, before the important hour of dinner.

TAN-Y-BWLCH, AUGUST 28TH, 1837.

HARLECH TO TAN-Y-BWLCH . . 10 MILES.

ALTHOUGH the town of Harlech is in itself so pitiful, and rendered still more so, in as much as the traveller expects better things from the county town of Merioneth, yet it is a spot, at which one could be well content to sojourn a while. There exists, as before described, much interest and much beauty in the surrounding district. The venerable aspect, and the historical interest, attaching itself, during many past ages, to the castle, the comforts and the splendid situation of the new Hotel, all combined to render our FLYING visit to the place a subject for much regret. We are at present ten miles farther northwards, which whole distance we found to be diversified by scenery of the most charming description. During the first two miles, the same delightful and extensive views, as obtained at Harlech, of the fine Bay, Pwlheli harbour, Criccaeth, and other interesting objects scattered along the promontory, presented themselves. Arriving at the village of Llanfihangel, the road encounters the sandy estuary of Traeth Bach, or Bychan, and there forming a sharp angle inland for nearly two miles, again turns short on the left,

continuing to run parallel with the Traeth to Maentwrog, being constantly adorned with magnificent mountain scenery, rugged rocks often intervening to vary the prospect. A mile before Maentwrog, we crossed the bridge over the Valenryd rivulet, which soon afterwards enters the Dwyryd. Here quitting the turnpike road, on the right, we proceeded to visit the Rhaiadyr Du, a celebrated cataract formed by the Valenryd, and rushing down a precipitous channel for about one hundred yards, upon each side of which the scenery is grand and rich beyond conception. An incipient endeavour to open a copper mine lies in the direction to the Fall, and some specimens, taken from the pit, promise fair that it may be successful. The path is then conducted through a romantic wood, arrayed in the most luxuriant foliage, whilst, on every side, the ground was literally covered with beautiful heaths and wild flowers. The ferns too, waving in graceful beauty, were here especially exuberant. Their praises cannot better be extolled, than by again introducing an extract from Miss Twanley's descriptions of nature.

"The green and graceful fern,
How beautiful it is!
There's not a leaf in all the land
So wonderful, I wis.
Have ye ever watched it budding,
With each stem and leaf wrapped small
Coiled up within each other,
Like a round and hairy ball?
Have ye watched that ball unfolding,

Each closely nestling curl,
And its fair and feathery leaflets
Their spreading forms unfurl?
Oh! then most gracefully they wave,
In the forest, like a sea,
And dear as they are beautiful
Are those fern leaves to me.
Oh! cull the tallest fairest branch,
My banner it shall be;
And twine a circlet for my brow:
Crown me all royally."

The cataract is a long mile from the turnpike road, but we were enabled to take our carriage within a quarter of a mile of the spot. An old female who had during a long life of fourscore years, dwelt in a retired cottage in the vicinity, joined and trotted merrily before us. We found her well qualified for her office as our guide, and her aged though not altogether decrepit frame really afforded some zest to the picturesque in this romantic scene. Her humble abode, she told us, was also occupied by her then invalided daughter, and her son in law, an industrious labourer, with a family of eight children. The eldest, whom she praised as having been an excellent girl, and who had arrived at an age sufficiently advanced to have become of the utmost service in the family, had been recently removed by the stroke of death. Another daughter was totally imbecile, and a boy of weak intellect, dreadfully also disfigured by a distorted mouth and hare-lip, now attended this poor creature. But even at this advanced age, and with such afflictions around her, the old woman was still

willing to perform her part, by rendering her little though cheerful endeavour to ameliorate them. This lowly family was indeed visited in no ordinary degree by severe calamity, yet it seemed, from the tale as well as the deportment of the old grandmother, that they were content and resigned to the will of the Almighty disposer of events. And to what cause, especially in this humble sphere of life, must we attribute this blessed temper of mind? Surely to a just estimation of that precious jewel Religion, whose powerful efficacy was, in this secluded retreat, truly demonstrated. But for this source of consolation, the condition of these poor people and that of many neglected families would be almost insupportable. The contemplation of the varied distresses to which our poorer brethren are often destined surely ought to rouse a feeling in those who are happily surrounded by plenty, often indeed by luxury, to relieve their poverty and misery.

"Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
And all the sad variety of pain:
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man;
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air and common use
Of their own limbs! how many drink the cup

Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty! How many stand
Around the death bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish! Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think."

THOMSON.

Upon regaining the road, we soon attained the charming village of Maentwrog, situated about the centre and in the most romantic part of the Vale of Festiniog. This place assumes its name from Twrog, a British saint, who died in the year 610. An upright stone (Maen) in the church-yard, erected to his memory, completes its title. The present church was built on the site of the old edifice, in 1814, and is a very neat structure, surrounded by several respectable dwellings, and trim white-washed cottages. The hills immediately arising from it are moderately high and pleasingly distributed, their sides being beautifully wooded. Passing this lovely spot, a few hundred yards brought us to Tan-y-Bwlch, where a noble hotel was some time since erected by the Oakley family. It was now two o'clock, and having ordered a late dinner, and secured our night's lodging, we hired a car and effected a jaunt, being at the same time indulged by the said machine with a hearty jolt, to Festiniog, now a very considerable village, situated upon a steep

hill, upwards of three miles distant at the head of the vale. Upon each side of the romantic rivulet, which meanders through this charming valley, are the finest green meadows headed by corn-fields along the sides of the mountains, and the prospects as our car ascended the hill were magnificent. Festiniog appears to be a very increasing place, and its present population, including about 400 for Maentwrog, is upwards of 2100, who are chiefly employed in the slate quarries, upon Lord Newborough's estate about four miles distant. The church is dedicated to Saint Michael, and the incumbent holds the rectory in conjunction with Maentwrog. There are two good inns, and a boarding house. At one of the former we obtained a guide to the falls of the Cynfael, about a mile distant. One of these cataracts is situated 300 yards above, and the other 300 yards below, a rustic and antiquated bridge, thrown, in olden time, over the stream, which from above tumbles through a rocky chasm, over which the branches of large trees nearly meeting form a deep and gloomy shade. Between the bridge and the lower cataract, is a tall rock called Hugh Lloyd's pulpit, from a noted magician, who flourished in the reign of James the First, and who has the credit of delivering his incantations therefrom. The bridge, as well as the pulpit, are striking objects in the midst of this romantic scenery. The upper fall rushes foaming over three steep precipices, into a dark basin, nearly covered by the adjoining rocks. The lower cataract consists

of a broad sheet of water, hurried headlong, down a shelving rock, about forty feet. Probably fatigue might have operated, for, although eminently repaying our labour, we were not so much elated by our visit to these falls, as by the delight which had been associated with our morning ramble accompanied by the old dame, of whom I have spoken, and who herself enhanced the advantages of the scene, by her intelligent descriptions. Our present guide was a stupid lad, who could hardly be induced to utter a word. As we re-entered our truly comfortable "Place of rest" at Tan-y-bwlch, the shades of a calm evening began to prevail :

"Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn.

"Whilst spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport,
Beneath thy lingering light:
While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

"So long, regardful of thy quiet rule
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!"

FROM COLLINS'S ODE TO EVENING.

At our next destination, any further remarks which may occur, illustrative of this lovely spot, shall be introduced.

LLANBERIS, AUGUST 29TH, 1837

TAN-Y-BWLCH TO BEDD-GELERT . .	9	21 MILES.
BEDD-GELERT TO LLANBERIS . . .	12	

ALREADY will the irresistible spell, with which this wild yet charming district has entranced the mind, have produced, mayhap, too laboured a description of the beauties and wonders with which we have been surrounded. And yet this day has again so crowded the imagination with fresh delights, that one is in danger of adding tenfold to former transgression. It has truly proved the "day of days" during this our memorable excursion. Its course was commenced by a ramble through a luxuriant hanging grove, to Tan-y-Bwlch Hall, the elegant seat of Mrs. Oakley, rather at the northern end of the vale. This lady has formed the most charming walks and vistas, through her woods, for a considerable distance, to which visitors have a liberal and ready access. From the terrace, in front of the house, the view is splendid and enchanting. Here the celebrated scenery of the entire vale of Festiniog, watered by the windings of the river Dwyryd, with the noble range of the Merioneth-

D. Cox

W. Radclyffe

VALE OF FFESTINIOG.

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shire mountains in the distance, is enjoyed to the greatest advantage. By many tourists, this valley has been considered as the "Tempè" of the northern principality. Mr. Pennant confers this epithet upon it. It has also been affirmed, that it affords studies for the painter, rich even as those which Tivoli or Frescati could boast; whilst Lord Lyttleton says of it; "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one might pass an age here, and think it a day." It is certainly an enchanting spot; but it is possible that the exalted praise, bestowed by various travellers and tourists, may appear somewhat fulsome: still, it is justly to be esteemed as one of the most captivating amongst the many fascinations of Wales. From Tan-y-Bwlch, the pedestrian may ascend Moel Wyn, a mountain with two distinct summits, the one being 2566, and the other 2327 feet above the level of the sea. Rather more northwards is also Cnicht, another mountain, in height 2272 feet, and the descent from both may be effected to Festiniog. In quitting Tan-y-Bwlch Hotel, about ten o'clock, we could not repress a wish, that some future occasion might introduce us within its walls.

We had fixed to take the shortest, though most mountainous, route to Pont Aber-glas-lyn, but, by some mistake, our Fly was directed towards Tremadoc, and we afterwards congratulated ourselves upon the blunder. Independent of the very superior character of the road itself, no tourist should omit the opportunity of beholding

what may really be termed the "wonders" of this place. The road runs parallel with that, which we had travelled, on the opposite side of the Traeth Bach, in our way from Harlech, till we reached the embankment thrown up, at the mouth of the river, by the spirited exertions of Mr. Maddocks. This embankment is nearly a mile in length. In breadth, at the base, it varies from one hundred to four hundred feet, gradually lessening to the summit, which has now been rendered sufficiently wide, and being protected by walls, on each side of the road, the passage is made perfectly safe. This circumstance should be understood, because the top of the embankment was at first so narrow as to deter many tourists from visiting this interesting place. At the north-west end of the embankment lies the harbour of Port-Madoc, where numerous and decent tenements have been erected, as dwellings for seafaring people, whose craft, lying in the river, affords them an opportunity of trafficking in slate, coal, and timber. Beyond the port, are Morfu Lodge, and Tan-yr-alt, two elegant mansions, built by Mr. Maddocks, and beautifully situated upon an acclivity; passing which, we arrived at Tremadoc, a name derived from that of the same indefatigable gentleman, and who built the place upon land, which he reclaimed from the sea. It has a neat Gothic church, a handsome market-house, and an excellent inn, from whence, with a day to spare, pleasant excursions might be made to Criceith, Pwlheli, and other places on the promontory. The

town, wherein a market is held on Fridays, is built in the form of a square, a lofty mountain rising above it. The first portion of land rescued from the ocean was about two thousand acres, and upon a part of this site the town was built. Subsequently, by means of the embankment, a large extent of the adjoining land was also recovered; and in the whole, not less than six thousand acres have been regained, which have been cultivated with success, and by the assistance of draining produce fine grazing land, and grain of every kind. The population is chiefly employed in the manufactory of woollen goods. In the contemplation of this entire and wonderful undertaking, and of the perseverance of its founder, one is ready to exclaim:

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

SHAKESPEARE.

The remaining distance to Bedd-Gelert possesses, perhaps, an entire series of the most splendid scenery, generally of a wild character, which can be witnessed in any district of the principality. For a considerable distance, the road passes directly underneath high perpendicular cliffs;

"The nodding horrors of whose shady brows
Threat the forlorn and wandering traveller;"

and on the sides of which are often exhibited the most fearful chasms. Looking southwards, Cader

Idris, with nearly the whole chain of the Merionethshire mountains, are conspicuous in the distance, the foreground being occupied by Moel Wyn, Cnicht, and the White Mountains. On the north, Moel Hebog and the Snowdon series afford the most magnificent mountain scenery imaginable. At every point, as we proceeded,

> "The mountains huge appear
> Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
> Into the clouds. Their tops ascend the sky."

Whilst in the full enjoyment of the grandeur which surrounded us, we suddenly encountered the celebrated pass at Pont Aber-glas-lyn. The bridge consists of a single arch, the span of which is thirty feet, the crown being about fifty feet from the level of the water. It is sprung across a deep chasm, through which the united torrents of the Glas Llyn and the Colwyn rush with irresistible impetuosity over and through immense fragments of rock. On entering upon the bridge, which forms a communication between the wilds of Merioneth and the Alpine heights of Caernarvon, a most surprising character of scenery is developed. A narrow pass is beheld, affording barely sufficient width for the rapid course of the river and the carriage road. Upon each side of the pass, dark irregular cliffs rise perpendicular to the height of a thousand feet, wearing the most sublime and awfully grand appearance. The same projecting cliffs, assuming the most fanciful shapes, continue their gloomy splendour nearly to

D. Cox. W. Radclyffe.

PONT ABERGLASSLYN,

Near Beddgelert

Bedd-Gelert, something more than a mile, and the scene is rendered more imposing by the diversity of strata in the rocks, which partake of all colours from the light gray to the darkest black. There was formerly a noted salmon leap a few yards above the bridge, which has been broken down for some few years; but the rivers still abound in excellent salmon and trout, and afford good sport to the angler. This neighbourhood must perhaps be considered the most wild and barren district in Wales.

The peaceful retirement of Bedd-Gelert, situated in the midst of green meadows, and at the junction of no less than three valleys, vying with each other in beauty and seclusion, wholly alters the scene. Contrasted with the almost savage features, which occasionally the surrounding country exhibits, the effect was peculiarly soothing. There is indeed scarcely a spot in the principality more inviting, should the tourist have leisure to tarry here for a few days, and he will find excellent accommodation and fare at the hotel. There is also a good boarding-house. Here one might well indulge in the following wish:

"Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;

* ' And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.' "

H. K. WHITE.

The village is situated near to the confluence of the Glas Llyn and the Colwyn, and it is entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, Snowdon proudly rising above them, and for the ascent of which this spot is deemed very eligible. West of the village also rises, with great grandeur, Moel Hebog, or the hill of the hawk. In a deep hollow on this mountain Owen Glendwr, upon one of his expeditions to harass the English forces, was fain to shelter himself from his enemies. The village church, supposed to be the most lofty in the Snowdon district, though it is small, together with its neat church-yard amply sprinkled with memorials of the departed, forms a most picturesque object. These decent and respectable tombs have afforded ample scope for many a poetic effusion of the village bard. The inscriptions were chiefly in Welsh. There was one in English, which portrayed the simple feeling of an affectionate child for, as it appeared, an equally affectionate mother:

" Though on thy tomb our tears must flow,
'Twas thy first care that we should know
' HIM,' who has wiped away thy woe;
My mother!"

---

* These four lines, though not applicable to this favoured retreat, are too beautiful to be omitted.

Should the memory serve, the lips will here scarcely refrain from a repetition of some of the couplets in Gray's beautiful Elegy. The mind is, in this sequestered vale, forcibly led to that vein of meditation which is prompted by every line of that charming poem, and, especially whilst treading this hallowed ground, we reflect that,

" Here in their narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

" The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

" For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

" Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

The origin of this village is very singular, and the authenticity of the beautifully affecting tale which is related thereupon cannot reasonably be questioned. At the period of Welsh history when that rapacious animal, the wolf, was prevalent throughout the country, Prince Llewellin the Great came to reside here for the purpose of hunting. Whilst absent upon one of these excursions, a wolf entered his dwelling, and making his way to the cradle of his infant son, who lay asleep, would have destroyed the child. The prince's faithful

dog, "Gelert," or Kill-hart, who watched over the babe, seized and killed the savage beast. The cradle was overturned in the fight, and lay upon the wolf and the child. Llewellin, on his return, missing his darling boy, and observing the mouth of the dog to be stained with blood, yet still displaying his usual delight at meeting his master, hastily concluded that the poor animal had been the murderer, and, in his paroxysm of rage, drew his sword and plunged it through the heart of his faithful favourite. What must have been the consternation, what the remorse produced by this precipitate resentment, when on removing the cradle the prince found the wolf dead, and his child free from harm, whilst his faithful dog, the victim of his fury, also lay dead at his feet! In his sorrow and in his repentance he honourably interred the poor animal, and erected a tomb over his grave, which is still preserved upon the spot, in a meadow between the hotel and the church, and hence Bedd-Gelert, or Gelert's grave. Llewellin farther built the church, dedicating it to St. Mary, as a grateful memorial and offering for the preservation of his child. The foregoing affecting incident has produced, from the pen of the Hon. W. R. Spencer, the following charming little poem:

GELERT'S GRAVE.

"The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Attend Llewellin's horn.

" And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer,
' Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellin's horn to hear?

" ' Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?'

" 'Twas only at Llewellin's board,
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

" In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;*
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

" And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

" That day Llewellin little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

" Unpleased, Llewellin homeward hied,
When, near the royal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

" But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was stain'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood.

---

* Llewellin was married to the Princess Joan, daughter of King John.

" Llewellin gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

" Onward in haste Llewellin pass'd,
And on went Gelert too:
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

" O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

" He called his child, no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild:
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

" 'Hell hound, by thee my child's devoured!'
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt the vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

" His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

" Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

" Conceal'd between a mingled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed.

" Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

"Ah! what was then Llewellin's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellin's heir!

"Vain, vain was all Llewellin's woe:
'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue.'

"And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

"Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellin's sorrow proved.

"And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

"And till great Snowdon's locks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's Grave."

Poor Gelert! and why should one be ashamed to own that the tribute of a tear was even now afforded, at the recollection and the recital of thy moving tale, thy hapless fate, whilst thus lingering near thy reputed grave! On returning to the hotel, we found an excellent repast prepared, consisting of trout from the river, and mutton from the mountain, but having still twelve miles to accomplish in order to reach Llanberis ere night set in, our meal was quickly dispatched, and our Fly resumed.

During the forenoon of this day, we had first been captivated by the enchantments of "the happy valley" of Maentwrog; we had next beheld with amazement, at Tremadoc, the success of a scheme which had been formed and accomplished by the capacious and enterprising mind of man; and we had subsequently been transported through terrific and disjointed heights of the wildest character, to the rich and peaceful seclusion of Bedd-Gelert.

From this envied spot, we had yet, during the first eight miles on the Llanberis road, to revel in scenery, which combines a more rapid succession of the sublime and beautiful, than perhaps any equal distance in Europe can boast. Crossing the bridge over the Rhyddol into the beautiful vale of Nant Gwynant, six miles in length, and watered throughout by a lovely stream, gliding amidst the most charming woods and meadows, you soon pass on the right Llyn-y-Dinas, a lake three quarters of a mile in length, and stretching itself close by the side of the road, beyond which the chain of mountains which separate these valleys from Festiniog appear in great magnificence. Upon the left a bold and insulated rock presents itself, called Ddinas Emrys, or the Fort of Emrys, a magician, who was summoned by the hapless but feeble Vortigern to this place, which he had assumed as his stronghold, after the disasters which followed his impolitic treaty with the treacherous Saxons.

About two miles from the extremity of Llyn-y-Dinas is Cwm Llan, a deep romantic recess,

T. Creswick W. Radclyffe.

WOODEN BRIDGE NEAR BEDDGELART.

buried in the mountains on the left, towards Snowdon. From this hollow, the heights rise stupendous one above the other, until they are far o'ertopped by their Alpine Monarch, who towers sublime in the picture. The road now gradually ascends, until it opens upon the most lovely view in Wales. This is a bold but hardly too bold an assumption. The spacious, silvery, and calm bosom of Llyn Gwynant, with three or four charmingly wooded mansions and domains, tastefully displayed around its banks, lies directly at your feet. This lake is set in the midst of its delightful valley, and embosomed amongst the loftiest mountains in the principality.

Soon after quitting this enchanting prospect, the valley merges into that of Cwm Dyli, over which the eye is arrested by the cataract of Rhaiadyr Cwm Dyli, formed by a rivulet which derives its source from Llyn Llydau. This lake is situated a mile further on the road, with a dark wall of rock, fearful to contemplate, rising beyond it. Behind this craggy ridge the Peak of Snowdon towers in sublime majesty, and which from this point is beheld to inconceivable advantage. Not far onward, at an acute angle, the road joins with the line which leads from Capel Curig to Llanberis, and here we encountered a spacious and comfortable looking Inn. Turning sharp to the left, we gained after an ascent of more than a mile, and looking backwards, a splendid view of the vale of Capel Curig; and just beyond, the road enters the celebrated Pass of Llanberis, through which, a distance

of nearly four miles, we had still to make our way. This road, until the year 1833, was only feasible for pedestrians, or for the ponies of the country. Upon the southern side of our path lay the base of Snowdon, the mountain rising in awful grandeur, and forming a stupendous and inaccessible barrier. Our northern boundary was limited by perpendicular rocks of immense height, equally insurmountable, and in some places the pass is not more than sixty yards in width. The scene became almost fearfully desolate, and the dreary effect was enhanced by the gloom of approaching night. As we slowly traversed the margin of Llanberis lake, the rain fell fast, and it being also nearly dark, we hailed with delight our present sojourn, "the Victoria Hotel," where again we met with every comfort, and with that hearty welcome which is ever the traveller's happy portion on entering upon his rest at an Inn. It was, I believe, our poet "Shenstone," who probably on a similar occasion, produced the four lines which follow:

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his various tour has been,
> May sigh to think how oft he found
> His warmest welcome at an Inn."

CAERNARVON, AUGUST 31ST, 1837.

LLANBERIS TO CAERNARVON . 9 MILES

EARLY morning yesterday discovered to us that the spacious hotel in which we had rested comfortably during the night was erected nearly at the connection of the two lakes, and close upon the interesting views of Dolbadern Castle, Llanberis Lake running eastward, and Lake Padern taking the westward direction. At the head of the former stands the village and church of Llanberis, the latter being dedicated to Saint Peris, a monk who lived in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and who endowed a well upon this spot, still exhibited, and said to contain properties for the cure of various cases of debility.* The buildings in this parish have latterly much increased, and are chiefly inhabited by the agents and labourers employed in the adjacent copper mine and in the slate quarries. The former is about half a mile from the village, and has been very productive. The ore is taken in boats down the lakes, and there carted to Caernarvon. The

* The Welsh saints, and to whom the churches throughout the principality are chiefly dedicated, are, David, Daniel, Benno, Elian, Padern, Cybi, Seinol, Twrog, Peris, and Teilian.

quarries lie on each side of the valley, and are also very efficient, employing, in conjunction with the mine, a population of seven or eight hundred. The whole of this vale, including the pass, was formerly covered with extensive woods, chiefly of oak. These have long since been laid low, and its general character is now that of a desolate waste. Avarice has doubtless been a prevailing motive for this despoliation; but then, why should the large proprietors have neglected to replant these large tracts, both in the valley and, where feasible, upon the mountains, inasmuch as they will produce upon many a thousand acres neither corn nor herbage? The impolicy of this omission appears to me unaccountable.

An ascent to the summit of Snowdon becomes the primary object of the tourist on his visit to Llanberis. After breakfast, therefore, the anxious inquiry was raised, as the morning was bleak and somewhat stormy, whether or not the task would be practicable; chances appeared much against the attempt, but hope revived towards ten o'clock. Still there was a manifest disposition to withhold the needful help of a guide with his ponies; drops of rain yet occasionally fell, and a strong breeze continued to agitate

> "The brown bosom of the lake
> Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
> Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud,
> Upon the sharp edge of yon lofty crags."

My mind was, however, bent on the expedition; and at length, after another half-hour's contro-

versy, the man and the animals were forthcoming, and we entered on the base of this stupendous mountain, at a very short distance from the hotel. Promising myself a visit to the fall of Ceynant Mawr, which lies to the right, on our return, we gradually ascended a stony, but sufficiently wide and safe path for about a mile. Here we entered upon a defile, first, however, halting, and turning round upon a charming view of the lakes below, over which the Glydir and Llydir mountains rose with grand effect, displaying a variety of beautiful tints, as the sun now happily shone out upon their craggy sides. About a mile farther to the right is a frightful perpendicular rock, aptly entitled the " black precipice," and it certainly forms a stupendous and striking feature in the ascent. At the base of this enormous mass of rock is a small lake and a copper mine, which is worked, but not, as I could understand, to much advantage. A winding and very steep portion of the mountain now succeeds, which patience and a little toil overcame, and we arrived at a spring, somewhat more than a mile from the crown of our ambition, Yr Wyddfa, the highest peak of Snowdon. My dismay can easily be conceived, when at this spot thick mists, not only enveloping the entire summit of the mountain, but gradually rolling around and below us, encountered our career. Again the day became uncongenial, and the guide, with a woeful aspect, declared that a farther advance was futile. Having, however, accomplished more than three fourths of the ascent, my determination was to

proceed, though the residue of our task required some perseverance and caution, chiefly caused by the dense state of the atmosphere, which prevented our distinguishing any object even at three paces distant. Large fragments of loose rock were scattered in the way, and the prospect, as the wind sometimes partially scattered the mist, exhibited for an instant, over perpendicular ridges of the mountain, the appalling abyss beneath our path.

> "All beneath
> By vaporous exhalation hid, lies lost
> In darkness; save at once where drifted mists,
> Cut by strong gusts of eddying winds, expose
> The transitory scenes."

Three or four times it seemed to me that the summit of the mountain was attained, when again a declivity occurred, and again we halted on a flat surface, a still higher point appearing, and rendering farther exertion needful. At length, the guide announced that the top of the next acclivity would in reality terminate our labours; and we had scarcely attained our object, when a trio of pedestrians, whose escort, it appeared, was the brother of my guide, and who had effected their ascent from the opposite side of the mountain, near Bedd-Gelert, greeted us. Here then we were assembled, having toiled for upwards of two hours, and condemned, as we believed, to suffer a cruel disappointment. The dense fog, together with a cutting wind, rendered the cold excessive, and we were glad to shelter ourselves under a dwarf wall, which has been erected for the comfort of tourists,

and to discuss some brandy and biscuits. We now stood on the highest pinnacle of the mountain, upon a space not more than twenty-four feet in diameter. The scene, as the wind partially scattered the mists, opening perhaps, through a fearful chasm, a fine lake to our view, was awfully grand. Again, and almost in an instant, clouds, and as it were "thick darkness" entirely closed the scene. Scarcely, however, had we finished our repast, when hope again began to revive, and never, perhaps, on a similar occasion, did this smiling cherub awaken a more grateful feeling. One could almost have been sentimental, and as the wind became brisk, the sun also appearing to strive with the mists for the mastery, have exclaimed,

> "Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
> Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
> With thee, sweet maid! resides the heavenly light
> That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
> Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
> That calls each wish, each passion into play."
>
> CAMPBELL.

Soon afterwards, the consummation of our wishes was fully attained. The horizon gradually cleared, the curtain was raised, and in bright sunshine, the most magnificent and unbounded prospect opened to our view which the imagination can conceive.

> "Sudden, on either side, the gather'd clouds,
> As by a sudden touch of magic, wide
> Recede, and the fair face of heaven and earth

> Appears. Amid the vast horizon's stretch
> In restless gaze the eye of wonder darts
> O'er the expanse."

The effect, indeed, as the clouds sailed away, was surprising, and awakened sensations of delight which can hardly be described, and never forgotten. Immediately below, and around us, numerous fine lakes first attract the attention; of these, I counted upwards of twenty, fancifully scattered, in each direction, amongst mountains and rocks far beneath. These, in the ascent, had themselves appeared stupendous, but viewing them from our present position, they dwindled into comparative littleness. We were now elevated 3571 feet above the level of the sea, and commanded a panoramic view, the extent of which no other point in the empire can boast. The prospect appears unlimited, and the difficulty is so to accommodate the eye to a scene thus splendid, as to settle it apart upon the many attractive features which crowd upon the attention. Commencing the circle with the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland in the distance, those of Yorkshire, with the hills of Lancashire, follow; these lead to the counties of Chester, Flint, and Denbigh, with part of Montgomery, and nearly the whole of Merioneth, the attention being there forcibly arrested by the noble appearance of our majestic rival, Cader Idris; from whence, taking a survey of Cardigan Bay, the eye rests on the summit of the Reifl ridge of mountains, or, as they are commonly called, the Rivals, in the promontory of Llyn. From the shores of Caer-

narvon, which seem almost directly beneath us, a vast extent of ocean terminates in the mountains of Wicklow, which appear blue in the distance. Weary of the travel, the gaze, catching the distant mountains of Scotland, with the Isle of Man, is brought to repose on that of Anglesea, which lay stretched before us. Betwixt these and other remote objects, the intermediate space is occupied by various mountains, crags, rocks, woods, lakes, glens, and meadows, scattered in admirable disorder, the entire effect being infinitely grand and enchanting. How are we prone, in minor as well as in more important occurrences, during our daily career, thanklessly to murmur, and to feel causeless disappointment! Within the past short hour we had somewhat rashly abandoned all hope that this glorious scene would have been developed to us, and we were now privileged to experience increased delight even from this previous gloom. Having, in grateful feeling, revelled in this happy reverse of fortune as long as time would permit, we began to retrace our steps, enjoying, in the descent, many a bold feature before unobserved. Embosomed in this stupendous mountain, every step seems fraught with the sublime or the beautiful, producing wonder and admiration, and ever urging the conviction, that an Almighty finger could alone have moulded and sustained objects so infinite and so imposing.

The imagination of the poet, or the pencil of the painter will do much to gratify the mind, but neither the descriptive talents of a Thomson, the

daring powers of a Salvator Rosa, nor the tender yet elevated feeling of a Claude, can fill it with that awe and veneration which the wonders of creation will never fail to yield.

" The love of nature, and the scenes she draws
Is nature's dictate. Strange, there should be found,
Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencill'd scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
The inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
Lovely, indeed, the mimic works of art;
But nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls;
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet nature's every sense.
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a power
Peculiar, and exclusively her own."

COWPER.

Towards the base of the mountain, a turn to the left led us to the fine and beautiful cataract of Ceynant or Caunant Mawr. It is formed at the end of a deep glen, and is nearly sixty feet in height, rushing with great fury, through a cleft in the rock, far down the vale below.

The range of those mountains, called Snowdonia, the loftiest summit of which I had now achieved, commences with Penman Mawr, towards the

northern extremity of the county of Caernarvon, and extends in a south-west direction, terminating in the Rivals, the base of which stretches itself to Caernarvon Bay, the common escarpment or declivity of the chain fronting the Menai. The principal mountains are, Carnedd David, Carnedd Llewellyn, Trevaen, Moel Siabod, the two Glyders, the two Llyders, Moel Llyfin, and Moel Mynydd, all emulous, as it were, to support their superior Snowdon, with his proud peaks, Crib-y-distil, and Yr Wydd Fa. The Welsh appear, and very naturally, ever to have been and still to be more attached to this district than to any other in the principality. It was the last to which the inhabitants anciently adhered, and they here even refused submission long after they were, as a nation, conquered. It was formerly a royal forest, and abounded with deer, which were finally destroyed about the year 1620. In concluding this imperfect narration of an expedition which will never be effaced from my memory, I should pronounce, that tourists have usually over-rated the difficulties of the ascent, whilst too little stress has been laid upon the grandeur of the various views and the almost awful effect of the precipices. By moving at a steady pace the task is accomplished with moderate labour; and after an absence of five hours, I returned to Llanberis hotel, from which the distance to the highest point of the mountain is somewhat more than four miles.

The tourist, in ascending these stupendous heights, would reap additional delight if conver-

sant with the science of Botany, many of the mountainous plants being quite uncongenial with milder ground. It is true that they may be seen in the vale, but I have understood that the mode even by which they propagate their species under a softer clime becomes totally different. In their native element they are viviparous, whereas, in the plain, when the seeds are ripened by a warm sun, they increase by the common process. Most of these mountainous plants blossom in great splendour, and I could much have wished to have been better qualified to treat of their beauties and variety ; but alas, I must be content to add the following very charming lines from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, and with them to quit this interesting subject :

> " Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs !
> With brows so pure, and incense breathing lips,
> Whence are ye ? did some white-wing'd messenger,
> On mercy's missions trust your timid germ
> To the cold cradle of eternal snows ?
> Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
> Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye ?
> Tree nor shrub
> Dare that drear atmosphere ; no polar pine
> Uprears a veteran front ; yet there ye stand,
> Leaning your cheeks against the thick ribb'd ice,
> And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
> Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
> Of desolation."

The cold and stormy state of the weather prevented our sailing upon the lakes, which was much to be regretted. From their spacious bosom the surrounding mountains, with the picturesque

T. Creswick W. Radclyffe

DOLBADERN TOWER.

Near Llanberis

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remains of Dolbadern Castle, would be viewed to infinite advantage. A circular tower, with the ruins of its exterior buildings, are all that now remain of the latter. This relic of British origin was built as early as the sixth century, and there are still the remains of a stone staircase, the summit commanding a fine view of the lakes, with the varied and magnificent mountain scenery springing from their very margin. The only historical record of note which we hear of this castle is the confinement of Owen Goch, during a term of no less than twenty years, within its walls, for inciting David to rebel against their brother Llewellyn, last Prince of Wales in the British line. There is, however, it should be added, a bardic ode in celebration of this Owen, written by Howel Voel, and in which the poet also bemoans the captivity of the prince; after ascribing every possible virtue to his character, he concludes his panegyric as follows:

"But now these vales seem dark and dreary,
No hall to shelter the weak and weary,
Since Owen has changed his lordly bower
For the darksome dungeon of Padarn's tower:
Its dark gray walls their prince now sever
From those who have lost their glory for ever.
Their pride, their honour, their fame is fled,
Their light is extinguish'd, their hopes are dead."

TRANSLATION.

The former justly admired seclusion of Llanberis has, I can imagine, suffered a sad reverse. The formation of the new road to Caernarvon, together with the establishment of two hotels, and a con-

siderable increase in trade, produced by an extension of the slate quarries, all tend to diminish the solitude for which it was, a very few years since, so noted. In the afternoon, we pursued our course along the former to our present destination. The distance is nine miles, the first three of which run by the side of the Lake Padern, which is separated from the Llanberis Lake by the river Seiont. The latter is far more expansive and much deeper than the former; a line of seventy fathoms, in some places, not finding the bottom, whilst in length Lake Padern has the advantage; but proceeding along its margin, it becomes so narrow as eventually to assume the appearance of a river rather than a lake. On the left of the road is Dolbadern Inn, formerly the only resort for travellers and tourists visiting Llanberis, and where there is still good accommodation. You also pass some considerable slate quarries. Farther on, the beautifully wooded banks of the Seiont afford a rich treat. Crossing that river from the summit of some high ground which succeeds, a fine view of Caernarvon with its noble castle is obtained: and passing through Llan Beblic, the ancient Roman station of Segontium, lying upon the eastern bank of the Seiont, and more than probably the place to which Caernarvon owes its origin, we emerged from that entire and most magnificent mountain scenery, with which we had been wholly fenced in for many miles. It was a consolation, however, to know that it would still partially attend our Fly for as many more. We now soon

reached the Uxbridge Arms Hotel, situated nearly on the banks of the Menai, an Establishment of the first order.

This morning has been devoted to a survey of Caernarvon and its ancient castle. Properly, the name of this place is Caer-yn-Arvon, meaning a walled town opposite to Mona, now Anglesea; Ar-Vôn, or Ar-Môn, implying the former. Whether we view its situation either as adapted for commerce, or as a central point for tourists; whether we consider its fine harbour, the convenience of its public buildings, the ruins of its ancient castle, or its handsome and now extended suburbs, the proud title of being the boast of North Wales may justly be conferred upon it. The town itself is well laid out in the form of a square, and was formerly confined within an embattled wall, in which are several round towers, with two principal gates, all of which are still in good preservation. The castle, in point of magnificence, takes the lead of any other fortress in the principality, whilst its site is admirably calculated to have rendered it a post of uncommon strength. It was consequently selected by the warlike Edward, as an eligible spot for the erection of an effectual curb to his recently conquered and therefore dissatisfied subjects. From hence he could conveniently check any insurrections which might arise in Snowdonia, as in like manner he was enabled to do upon the Denbigh side of the county, by means of Conway and Rhuddlan Castles. It has been very plausibly imagined, that this prince adopted as models for

his Welsh castles, those Asiatic fortresses, which he had seen in the Holy Land, their style of Architecture being by no means simple. The shell of Caernarvon Castle is still nearly entire, which gives it an imposing character. Over the front gateway, which was defended by four portcullises, is a statue of its noble founder. Its form is oblong, and it encloses an area of about three acres. The towers are extremely elegant, more especially the Eagle tower, which stands pre-eminent, and herein is exhibited an apartment in which Queen Eleanor was delivered of her unfortunate, though pusillanimous son, whose unhappy destiny the bard in solemn strain predicts :

> " Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
> The winding sheet of Edward's race ;
> Give ample room, and verge enough
> The characters of hell to trace.
> Mark the year and mark the night
> When Severn shall re-echo, with affright,
> The shrieks of death thro' Berkeley's roofs that ring,
> Shrieks of an agonizing king!"

It is said that soon after the birth of the prince, Edward, being obliged to leave the country, addressed himself to the Welsh nobility, and artfully engaged that he would comply with their long fostered wish and their importunity to appoint them a prince, on condition that they would swear allegiance to the individual he should nominate. The Welsh acquiesced, reserving only that he should determine upon one of their own nation. The king accordingly promised that he

L. Cox. W. Radclyffe

CAERNARVON.

would name one born in Wales, who could not speak a word of English, and whose life would bear the strictest inquiry. The Welsh readily agreed to obey this person; but how were these deluded men astonished, when the monarch nominated his own son, then but recently born in Caernarvon Castle! The walls of this noble structure are eight feet thick, a narrow gallery running through their whole extent, in which there are numerous slips for the discharge of arrows. The only remaining staircase is in the Eagle tower, which ascends 158 steps. Dr. Johnson says of his visit to Caernarvon Castle; "We saw but a very small part of this mighty ruin, and in all these old buildings, the subterraneous works are concealed by the rubbish. To survey this place would take much time. I did not think there had been such buildings. It surpassed my ideas." Wandering through this edifice, noble even in its ruins, the mind aptly forms a retrospect of those scenes and those occurrences which have accompanied both its days of prosperity as well as those of its decline. The imagination will then readily picture the hardy mountaineers, whilst attacking the well regulated troops sent to oppose and enslave them. Fancy might also embrace the idea of the surrounding mountains echoing to the harp, and inspiring their brave and native occupants with the ardent desire to maintain their freedom. But alas! we close this interesting picture with the conviction, that under these very walls Cambria's independence finally expired.

" Proud pile! thy tempest-beaten towers still rear
Their heads sublime, and to the angry storm
Bid bold defiance. . . .
. . . Behold! fond man,
This ancient monument of mortal pride,
Where time and desolation reign supreme
With wildest havoc. O'er the solemn scene
In silence pause, and mark this pictured truth,
That not alone the proudest works of man
Must perish, but as this tow'ring fabric,
That lifts its forehead to the storm, till time
And the wild winds shall sweep it from its base;
Pass but a few short hours, the dream of life
Is fled, and sinks to the cold grave man's faded form."

From such contemplation, we were now hurried to those scenes which occupy the present condition of society, first visiting the spacious and convenient quay underneath the walls of the castle, where great activity prevailed, and close to which vessels of six or seven hundred tons burthen can safely ride, delivering or taking in their various cargoes. Immense quantities of slates of every size and description, as well as heaps of copper ore occupy this busy spot, forming the chief export trade, to which however should be added flannels and stockings. The principal imports are American timber, with wine, coal, groceries, and other goods from the neighbouring coasts. The slates are brought from the quarries in the parish of Llanllyfni, those in the parish of Llanrûg, and those also in the mountains npon the Llanberis lakes, all within ten miles of Caenarvon. This town cannot boast of any manufactories. From the quay, we proceeded to the terrace, a wide and delightful

walk, on the outside of the walls, stretching along the shore of the Menai. Here the scene is exceedingly animated, vessels of nearly every description spangling the bosom of the river, following their various course, employed either in the pursuit of traffic or of pleasure. The supply of fish is constant and abundant. A cargo of herrings arrived, as we enjoyed this lively scene, and were sold from the boat, at three or four for a penny. Provisions generally at Caernarvon are, indeed, very reasonable; consequently, many families are induced to settle here, and the suburbs are now thickly scattered with good and genteel houses at moderate rents. From hence excursions may be made to Plas Newydd, Bangor, Menai bridge, Llanberis and Snowdon, Bedd-Gelert, and Capel Curig. A cutter, with good cabin and beds, may be hired for about a guinea a day, affording accommodation for at least ten persons. The county hall stands opposite to the castle gates, and one of the ancient towers has been appropriated as the county prison, and is near to the hall. There are good warm and cold baths, with billiard and reading rooms. The old garrison chapel serves as the parish church, and here the service is performed in English, whilst, at Llanbeblic, the mother church, it is always read in Welsh. The ancient town of Segontium, to which reference has already been made, was the only station possessed by the Romans in this district of Wales; and the present town is also remarkable for having been the first place in the principality which was granted a

royal charter. This was conferred by Edward the First. Caernarvon is much indebted, for its public buildings and a noble hotel, to the present Earl of Uxbridge, who is constable of the castle, the mayor acting as his deputy. The markets are convenient, and the present population is about 8000. We are now about to regale ourselves with the good fare provided for us at the Uxbridge Arms, and mean, in the afternoon, to advance as far as Bangor.

BANGOR, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1837.

CAERNARVON TO BANGOR . . 9 MILES.

SOON after the preceding epoch in my journal, we were on the WING for this place. It is situated nine miles from Caernarvon, the road being formed along the shores of the Menai, and the entire distance is fraught with views of at least as much interest and beauty, as the fancy could reasonably shape or desire. The Alpine scenery, which had recently afforded us so much delight, when embosomed therein, now ranged in varied grandeur upon the right; whilst on the left, the rich enclosures of Anglesea, interspersed with many a charming residence, amongst which are Plas Glwyn, Plas Newydd, and Plas Llanedwyn. In this direction, the fine expanse of the Menai almost universally forms the foreground, vessels constantly sailing to and fro, and animating the scene. Sometimes rich banks of woods intervene, through the vistas of which the water appears with beautiful effect. In descending the hill of Vaenol, a view of the far-famed suspension bridge suddenly arrests the eye. Thrown across the wide expanse of the Menai, with airy lightness, and surrounded by scenery so charming, it might

readily produce ideas something bordering on enchantment. Every verbal description, every graphic illustration must alike fail, in conveying a competent notion of the primary introduction to this wonderful undertaking. From the same eminence, we also catch the neat and retired city of Bangor, which forms a striking feature in the prospect. The close of evening was enough distant to admit of a visit to the above unrivalled specimen of national enterprise and of individual talent, and we accordingly descended to the bridge for that end.

The thought of a bridge over the Menai strait had been meditated during a long period, and plans had, for several years previous to a final decision upon this important subject, been submitted to a committee of the House of Commons. At length in 1818, a new plan, on the suspension principle, was presented by that distinguished engineer Mr. Telford. This model was highly approved, and the work was commenced in May 1819. The general opening of the bridge took place on the 30th January 1826, the Holyhead Mail, attended by a numerous retinue of carriages, horsemen, flags &c. passing over it, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, assembled to witness this interesting and important event. The bridge is placed at the narrowest part of the strait, and now forms the chief means of communication with Anglesea. There are four arches on the Anglesea side, and on the Caernarvon three, connecting the land with the two main piers. It con-

D. Cox

W. Radclyffe

THE MENAI BRIDGE,

From Anglesey

sists of two carriage roads, protected by light lattice work of wrought iron, and between them is the path for foot passengers. At each end of the bridge is an elegant toll-house, and on the Bangor side of the strait there is an inn. The mode in which the chains are fastened to the rock, may be inspected by application at the toll-house on the Anglesea side, the cavern being kept locked up; and having procured lights, I availed myself of this permission. The best view of the bridge is at the foot of the steep bank, below this toll-house. Here the arches, between the main pier and the land assume a gigantic appearance. The chief dimensions and properties of the bridge are as follow:

Height of the two main piers from high water line to the road way, 100 feet. Height of the piers from the roadway to the top, 53 feet. The span of each of the seven arches, 52½ feet. The length of each chain from the fastenings in the rock, 1714 feet. The length of the suspended portion of each chain between the main piers forming a curvation, 590 feet. The total length of the roadway, 1000 feet. Length of the roadway between the main piers, 550 feet.

The width of each roadway is 12 feet, and of the footway, 4 feet. The number of chains is 16, and the suspending power is 2016 tons, of which 489 tons is taken by the bridge, leaving 1527 tons available.

The gray stone employed for the piers and arches was obtained in Anglesea, about seven

miles from Beaumaris. It is a marble, and capable of a good polish. This noble work has entirely suspended the ferry over the strait at Bangor. Such are the leading features of this wonderful enterprise, which has produced the following just panegyric upon its eminently talented founder:

> "See on the rock the enchanter Telford stand,
> And bid an Empire's wealth obey the 'Wand.'
> Surprised the Tritons, in their floating shells,
> See modern magic, by her happier spells,
> Raise the tall pier, extend the massy chain,
> And lead the millions o'er the subject main;
> Alike serenely when the tempest roars,
> And when the placid waters greet the shores."

Having remained upon this fascinating spot as long as the near approach of "sober evening" permitted, we proceeded to Bangor, and passing through this ancient city, soon arrived at the Penrhyn Arms, about half a mile beyond the town. This noble hotel is one of the first establishments of the kind in the united kingdom, and its situation cannot perhaps be equalled. Upwards of one hundred beds can be provided, and the eating rooms are numerous in proportion. The windows at the back of the house, and the pleasure ground, command delightful views of the bay and town of Beaumaris, Puffin Island, Orme's Head, Penrhyn Castle, and Penrhyn Harbour. The internal arrangements are admirable, and although the house was so full that I could barely procure rooms for some friends whom we had met at Caernarvon, and at the same time provide for ourselves,

yet we experienced no annoyance, and received the most gratifying attention.

So interesting and so numerous are the excursions around Bangor, that the difficulty rests in making a selection for the day's employ. Yesterday morning Beaumaris and its vicinity become our choice. Again passing the Menai bridge and entering Anglesea, we first directed our course to Plas Newydd, or the new mansion, a charming seat of the Marquess of Anglesea. It is most delightfully situated near the shore of the Menai, and commands a splendid view of the Snowdon mountains in the distance, with the strait and some fine meadow land and woods in the foreground. Although modern, the house is built in the castellated style, its interior being spacious, and possessing every comfort. King George the Fourth was entertained here on his way to Dublin in 1821, and here also, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria resided, during their visit to the principality in 1832, when they honoured the Eistedfodd, held in that year at Beaumaris, with their presence. The grounds are well laid out, and although not very extensive, they afford great variety. Their pleasingly retired character is also very striking, and the solitude of this lovely place was at the present period especially calculated very powerfully to captivate the mind, the lonely tenants of the mansion being simply two female servants. One only of these domestics was indeed now visible, and it appeared singular when a casual remark elicited that she was a second

daughter of our ancient female guide at the Cataracts, near Maentwrog.

On the present occasion therefore, whilst rambling through this lovely though now deserted spot, sentiments such as are conveyed in the following beautiful hymn were forcibly confessed.

"Hail, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whispered talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

"Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline;
And that best hour of musing thine.

"Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white arrayed,
Before thee lifts her fearless head;
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine;
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee."

THOMSON.

At a short distance from the mansion lies one of the most entire Cromlechs in Wales. It consists of a greater and a lesser apartment, the former having probably been used as an altar for

the sacrifice, and the latter for the attendant priest. The greater is twelve feet nine inches long, and thirteen feet two inches broad, its height being scarcely five feet. The cap stone is of immense thickness, and weighs about thirty tons, resting upon four upright stones, two others having been thrown down and detached.

The lesser is six feet square, resting on three stones, a fourth having fallen down. The inside of these Druidic monuments has simply the appearance of small rooms. Not far from these Cromlechs is a large Carnedd, once covering a space of ground 142 yards in circumference. Its present appearance is that of a bank, of about 90 yards in circumference, and 14 feet high, covered with grass. In this space was probably the burial ground of the Druids, as a cell and many human bones were some time since discovered on the spot. Much, however, must remain in conjecture, as relating to these ancient relics, now more than 2000 years old. There is no doubt, however, but that this locality formed one of the chief of the Druidical groves in Mona.

This title was conferred by the Romans, from Môn, the ancient British appellation, and afterwards changed by the Saxons into Angles-ey, or the Englishman's Island. Johnson says in his tour; "I read Lloyd's 'Account of Anglesea,' which he proves to be Mona." It was one of the chief sites of Druidical superstition. Suetonius Paulinus, A. D. 59, first attacked the Druids, and cut down their consecrated groves. A revolt

taking place some years afterwards, Julius, on being opposed by the Druids, and shocked at their sanguinary rites ;

> " Rites of such strange potency
> As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
> Though throned in noontide brightness ;"

finally extirpated the order. Upon the Romans withdrawing their forces, in the fifth century, the British princes recovered their sway over the island, and although sometimes routed by the Saxons, Danes, Irish, and Normans, yet again it reverted to native rule, until the ultimate extinction of Welsh independence by Edward the First. The various ancient British relics and vestiges, together with several of the churches, throughout the island, would prove attractive to the antiquary.

Passing Craig y Dinas, a lofty eminence near the turnpike road, is seen the Anglesea Column, erected in 1816, in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo. From its base, it is 100 feet in height, and the rock upon which it is erected rises 260 feet above the level of the sea. We next pursued our course along the northern bank of the Menai, over a beautiful road formed in 1804, at an expense of three thousand pounds, by the liberality and public spirit of Lord Bulkeley, to Beaumaris, the principal town in the island, and delightfully situated upon the strait, where it opens into the bay. In the summer months, this place is much frequented for sea-bathing, and there are

also good warm and cold baths. The Green, situated between the town and the shore, affords a charming promenade, and here there are many excellent private dwellings, as well as lodging houses. From this spot, there is moreover one of the most beautiful prospects in Wales. Beyond the fine expanse of ocean, the eye is forcibly attracted by a range of the most sublime mountains in the principality. On the left is Puffin Island, beyond which and looking towards Conway, Orme's Head appears, stretching itself far into the sea; next, Penmanmawr, the village of Aber, Penrhyn Castle, and, in front, the heights of Carnedd Dafydd and Mauhlin Mawr are all conspicuous in the prospect, which, on the right, is terminated by the famous Menai bridge. The trading and other vessels contribute to render the scene gay and cheerful, and, at low water, the sands afford a delightful drive. The church is in the centre of the town, and contains some beautiful monuments of the Bulkeley family, who have enriched it also with a peal of six bells, an organ, and a clock. Near one of the entrances into the church, is the following quaint inscription upon the tomb-stone of Meredith Davies:

> "Who has been our parish clerk,
> Full one and thirty years, I say;
> Must here, alas! lie in the dark,
> Bemoaned for ever and for aye."

There is a free school here founded, in 1603, by David Hughes, Esq. who also endowed almshouses for six poor persons, to which Lord Bulkeley

added four others. There are also a good town-hall, with an assembly room over it, a custom house, and a national school. The shire-hall, with appropriate buildings attached, and where the county-assizes are held, are situated near the castle. The population is now about 2600.

Beaumaris castle far exceeded the ideas which I had formed of it. This structure is quite different in design from the more stately fortresses of Caernarvon and Conway, but its importance and strength appear to have equalled either of these noble edifices. It was the last of the three built, by Edward, to overawe the Welsh upon each side of the Menai. The area within the castle is not less than 190 feet square, and the walls are ten feet in thickness. The chapel stands to the right, on entering the castle, and is nearly perfect, the stone arched roof having protected it from that decay which otherwise must have ensued. The great hall is 70 feet long, and 23 wide, having five windows.

Dr. Johnson says of this castle: "It corresponds with all the representations of romancing narratives. Here is not wanting the private passage, the dark cavity, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower." Upon each point but the latter, I would coincide with the learned Doctor. The towers, however, although immense in diameter, are somewhat low. The fortress altogether is certainly of vast extent. It has been held to have formed the tragical scene of the massacre of the bards, that cruel stretch of policy in Edward, who

feared that the song, aided by the harp, as exerted by this influential order, would continue to exalt the patriotism of their countrymen. It was for this vindictive measure, that the bard, as beautifully told by Gray, denounces vengeance on the haughty monarch :

"'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears;
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side,
He wound with toilsome march his long array;
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance."

Lord Bulkeley garrisoned this castle for the king in the civil wars, but it was surrendered to General Mytton in 1648. The constableship was, however, restored to the Bulkeley family, and still remains with their worthy representative, Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Baronet. But now,

"No more the banners o'er the ramparts wave,
Or lead their chieftains onward to the fight;
Where die the vanquish'd, or exult the brave,
For victory, basking in its worshipp'd light."

Above the town is Baron Hill, the noble mansion of the Bulkeley family, who appear to have been, in common with its present possessor, a blessing

to this place and its neighbourhood. This charming residence is situated on the declivity of a richly wooded hill, and commands the most splendid views; the town and castle, with the Menai, forming the foreground, and the eye, after ranging over a gradation of mountains, ascending to the summit of Snowdon. This property has been possessed by the Bulkeley family since the reign of Elizabeth. Shaded therein, in a wooded retreat, is the stone coffin of the Princess Joan, daughter of King John, and married to Llewellin ap Jorwerth, who was Prince of Wales in 1105. Like that of Richard the Third at Leicester, it had been used as a watering-trough for cattle. Having originally been deposited in the monastery of Llanvaes, it was afterwards lost for nearly three centuries, and then discovered by Mr. R. Llwyd, when Lord Bulkeley caused it to be removed to its present situation. Near Baron Hill is the residence of Captain Lewis Hampton, who has an interesting collection of curiosities, which may be seen by persons of respectability; and nearer to the water we passed the seat of Lady Williams. About a mile from Beaumaris, is the Abbey of Llanvaes, founded by Llewellin ap Jorwerth; and two miles north of it is Penmon Priory, which was re-endowed by the same prince. The former was occupied by Franciscan friars, and the latter by Benedictine monks.

The bay of Beaumaris forms a secure harbour, and there is a depth of seven fathoms in the water even when the tide is out; but upon these occa-

D. Cox. W. Radclyffe.

BEAUMARIS.

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sions the channel is not more than a quarter of a mile wide, the bay being dry, and forming what are called the Lavan Sands. Five miles north of Beaumaris, and a mile from the shore, stands Priestholme, or Puffin Island, already mentioned. It is a mile long, and half a mile broad, in an oval form. The remains of a square tower still exist upon the island, and there is a house for the man who watches the signal staff, forming part of the telegraphic communication between Liverpool and Holyhead. In the summer, this place is visited by myriads of waterfowl, more especially by the puffins, which appear at the end of April, and re-emigrate in August, laying one egg only. This bird is about the size of a pigeon, with a flat bill of extraordinary size. Upon their arrival they either themselves burrow in the ground, or dispossess the poor rabbit of his abode, for the purpose of breeding. The young puffins are generally fat, and considered good eating. Immense numbers are caught, pickled, and packed in small casks, forming a considerable traffic. Penmynnydd, the birth-place of Owen Tudor, a private gentleman who married Catherine, the widow of Henry the Fifth, lies between five and six miles from Beaumaris. This individual became eminent for having been, as follows, the ancestor of a long line of monarchs. King Henry the Seventh was son of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, who was the son of Sir Owen Tudor. To this family it is that Gray's "Bard" alludes in the following prediction:

" But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll;
Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long lost Arthur we bewail;
All hail, ye genuine kings—Britannia's issue, hail!"

This Sir Owen Tudor was grandson of Sir Tudor Vaughan ab Grono, a gentleman of great power as well as popularity in North Wales. He assumed his title of knighthood without having obtained the sanction of Edward the Third, who asked him how he dared to usurp his prerogative. Sir Tudor replied, that by the laws and constitution of King Arthur, he was endowed with the three necessary qualifications for constituting him a knight. First, he was a gentleman; second, he had a sufficient estate; and third, he was valiant and resolute: and added, "Here I throw down my glove for proof of courage, and stand ready to encounter any man who may accept the challenge." The king smiled and, approving his manly conduct, he instantly conferred the honour which he had thus boldly claimed upon him.

We regretted that we could not, on the present occasion, extend our acquaintance with Beaumaris and its vicinity. In the afternoon we returned to our comfortable quarters at Bangor. I must here break off my narrative, hoping to resume it at Conway, when the occupations of this day, and of such, also, as will in the interval have engrossed our time and attention, shall be detailed.

CONWAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1837.

BANGOR TO CONWAY . . . 15 MILES.

EVERY tourist through North Wales should if possible devote at least a week between Bangor and Beaumaris, and we regretted that such could not form our own arrangements. We crowded too much into the short space of time allotted to this interesting vicinity, and with every exertion could only partially enjoy its beauties. My journal was interrupted after having added to it the narrative of our jaunt, on the first instant, to Anglesea. On the ensuing day, we first made an excursion to the slate quarry belonging to Mr. Pennant. It is situated at Dolawen, in the parish of Llandegai, six miles from Bangor. The hills wherein these quarries are fixed form the first parapet of the Snowdon mountains, and the rock in which this especial portion is located rises close upon the road leading towards Capel Curig, its perpendicular height being about 700 yards. The solid and immense masses of slate run in length from 80 to 100 feet, varying in colour; and they are separated by blasting the rock with gunpowder, a process which I was fortunate enough to witness. The various sorts of slates are shaped

at the quarries, and are of all sizes, being adapted for tomb-stones, chimney pieces, slabs for paving, and above all for roofing. Those for roofing are sold by the thousand, and are denominated, according to their gradations, as follows; Duchesses, Countesses, Ladies, Doubles, Singles. They are described with great humour, by the late Mr. Leycester, formerly a judge upon the North Wales circuit, in the following lines;

" It has truly been said, as we all must deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt made peers by the score;
But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blundered,
There's a man who makes peeresses here by the hundred:
He regards neither Grenville, nor Portland, nor Pitt,
But creates them at once without patent or writ;
By the stroke of the hammer, without the king's aid,
A Lady, or Countess, or Duchess is made.
Yet high is the station from which they are sent,
And all their great titles are got by descent;
And when they are seen in a palace or shop,
Their rank they preserve, and are still at the top;
Yet no merit they claim from their birth or connexion,
But derive their chief worth from their native complexion;
And all the best judges prefer, it is said,
A Countess in blue, to a Duchess in red.
This Countess or Lady, though crowds may be present,
Submits to be dressed by the hands of a peasant;
And you'll see, when her Grace is but once in his clutches,
With how little respect he will handle a Duchess.
Close united they seem, and yet all who have tried them
Soon discover how easy it is to divide them:
No spirit have they, they are thin as a lath,
The Countess wants life, and the Duchess is flat;
No passion or warmth to the Countess is known,
And her Grace is as cold and as hard as a stone;
Yet I fear you will find, if you watch them a little,
That the Countess is frail, and the Duchess is brittle."

Other kinds of slates are sold by the ton, and they are all loaded in small waggons, each containing about half a ton, and then conveyed, by inclined planes and a rail-road, formed by the late Lord Penrhyn, at an expense of £170,000, to Port Penrhyn, a distance of six miles, where they are shipped for all parts of the kingdom, as well as for America. Near the port is a manufactory for ciphering slates, ink-stands, and other fancy articles. The former are very superior to the Dutch slates. Upwards of fifteen hundred persons are employed by Mr. Pennant, or rather by his renters, in these immense quarries, and upwards of two hundred tons of slates are daily conveyed to the port. Frequent accidents occur to the workmen, though they are mostly to be attributed to their own negligence. A poor fellow had been killed by the fall of a piece of the rock, two days before our visit, who had worked for many years in the quarry. Notice is timely given by firing a gun, when a blast is about to occur. Upon our return, along the beautifully wooded and romantic banks of the little river Ogwen, we were much gratified by an admission to the noble castle, and the fine grounds of Penrhyn, the magnificent seat of Mr. Pennant.

This princely residence is said to be built upon the site of a palace of Roderic Molwynog, Prince of Wales, and who commenced his reign in 720. He was the grandson of Cadwallader. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and subsequently experienced many changes, often forming a subject for eulogy to the poetic Muse :

" Abode of mighty chiefs, of bards the theme,
Here princely Penrhyn soars above the stream;
And Phœnix like, in rising splendour drest,
Shows on its wide domain a regal crest,
Here Cambria opes her tome of other days,
And with maternal hand the page displays,
Dwells on the glorious list, and loves to trace
From Britain's genuine kings her noblest race."

This noble edifice has been remodelled, upon a splendid scale, by Mr. Wyatt, and forms a venerable specimen of Norman architecture. Its massive character will now render it a lasting monument of the wealth and taste of the late Lord Penrhyn, and of its present possessor, whose munificence has endeared both the one and the other to the surrounding district. It is built of Mona marble, and the internal decorations and furniture are of the most elegant and costly description. The principal entrance to the park is through the finest gateway probably in the kingdom, also built of the same material, and in the Norman style, but here the workmanship is finished with peculiar care. A curious specimen of antiquity lies upon a table, in one of the splendid apartments in the castle, called the Hirlas, or drinking horn of Piers Gryffydd. It is the horn of an ox, ornamented with chased silver; and on festive occasions it was the custom to fill it with metheglin, and for each visitor to empty it at a single draught. It is said that Owain Cyveiliog, also a distinguished prince, who flourished about the year 1160, always called for the Hirlas after a battle, and filling it with metheglin, drank the contents at a draught, calling

on his officers to follow his example. In a beautiful song, by Mrs. Hemans, this custom is celebrated as follows:

"Fill higher the Hirlas! forgetting not those
Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled;
Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,
Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead!
While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
While regal Eryri with snow shall be crown'd;
So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,
And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound;
The free winds of Cambria shall swell with their name,
And Owain's rich Hirlas be filled to their fame."

Having spent an hour in admiration of the magnificence and good taste, as displayed at Penrhyn, both in the castle and grounds, we repaired to Bangor, passing the remainder of the day in forming a better acquaintance with this neat town, and more especially with its ancient Cathedral.

Bangor, from Bon Chôr, the good Choir, was formerly a place of much greater extent and consideration than at present, and was indeed called Bangor "Vawr," or the great. It was defended by a castle, erected upon a hill about half a mile from the city, which has long been entirely demolished, though its traces are still visible. This place is again daily rising in importance, and will soon probably form one of the most prosperous ports on the Welsh coast. Its population is at present upwards of 5000. No place in Wales can compete with Bangor, as before hinted, with respect to the number and variety of interesting

excursions and objects in its vicinity, and the accommodation which it affords to travellers is abundant and excellent. There are three good inns, besides the Penrhyn Arms, all furnishing post horses. This state of affairs is far dissimilar to the relation given in his tour, by Dr. Johnson, sixty years since: "At an hour," says he, "somewhat late we came to Bangor, where we found a very mean inn, and had some difficulty of obtaining a lodging. I lay in a room where the other bed had two men." The free-school has long enjoyed great reputation as a training seminary for Oxford. The environs of Bangor are well cultivated, and there are coaches daily passing through the city for Chester, Holyhead, and Shrewsbury. There is also, in the summer months, a daily steam packet for Liverpool. About a mile below the city is a snare for fish, more especially for salmon. They roll in with the flood tide, and as it ebbs, become ensnared. The Menai abounds with fish of almost every variety, including crabs, lobsters, and other shell fish.

I trust that it may not be considered by any means invidious in here alluding to a most extraordinary oversight occurring in a "Walk through Wales," published in 1797, by the Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath, which is indeed the more surprising, as this reverend tourist has been found in this and other similar productions, almost uniformly correct. He says, "The town of Bangor, though small, is neat and clean, and watered by 'Deva's wizard stream,' which flows

under an elegant bridge of five arches." He then proceeds to give a more dilated account of this river, and quotes two of the many poetical encomiums passed upon it, namely, those by Drayton and Spenser. This estimable divine and pleasing writer must doubtless have been "dreaming" whilst he wrote, upon the acquaintance which he had formed with this celebrated river at Bangor Iscoed, a large village in Flintshire, situated upon the Dee, and where the bridge alluded to separates the counties of Flint and Denbigh.

The exterior as well as the interior of the Cathedral are extremely neat, though the former wears rather a humble appearance. The architecture is Gothic, and it was originally founded A.D. 525, by an abbot of Bangor Iscoed, under the auspices of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, King of Wales, and dedicated to Saint Deiniol. It was destroyed by the Saxons in 1071, and rebuilt by King John in 1212. Subsequently, in 1402, it was burnt down by Owen Glendwr, and remained in ruins for nearly a century. The choir was rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and Bishop Skeffington, in 1532, erected the present nave and tower. He meant that the latter should have been raised much higher, but he died before its completion, directing that his body should be interred at Beaulieu, in which monastery he had been abbot, and that his heart should be deposited before the image of St. Daniel at Bangor. The choir is very elegant, and adorned with a good organ, the gift of Dr. Thomas Lloyd in 1779.

There are also several monuments of the bishops. The see of Bangor is the oldest in Wales, having been founded A.D. 516, and is indebted for its chief revenues to Anian, bishop in the reign of Edward the First. This prelate was in much favour with the king, and had the honour of christening the young prince, afterwards Edward the Second. The city is governed by the bishop, and his steward holds the courts. As we lingered within the walls of the venerable Cathedral, the choir, accompanied by the swelling strains of the organ, were chaunting some services in preparation for the sacred duties of the ensuing sabbath morning. Dryden's beautiful ode would almost ever be present to the mind upon such an occasion:

> "But, oh! what art can teach,
> What human voice can reach
> The sacred organ's praise?
> Notes inspiring holy love,
> Notes that wing their heavenly ways,
> To mend the choirs above."

Thus closing the occupations of this day and of another week, how could the wish be suppressed, that in the morning we also might be permitted to offer humble thanks and praises to Almighty God, within this sacred edifice, for all his blessings, and more especially for those which since the last sabbath we had in safety and without alloy enjoyed, during our present travel and pursuit?

This desire was graciously realized. The return

of the Sabbath morn had arrived; that morn, which is ever by the Christian beheld with gladness, and which the reflection only that, like every earthly good, its course must soon pass away, tinges with a feeling of regret.

" Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

" Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

" Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

" Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

HERBERT.

The early service at Bangor is performed in Welsh, and is concluded soon after eleven o'clock, when the English service begins, and it was accompanied by the most reverential decorum. In offering, however, this testimony, I must somewhat except in prejudice of the careless behaviour of the singing boys. This is a point which claims farther attention in other cathedrals as well as Bangor. True devotional feeling would then be enhanced by chaunting, judiciously accompanied

by the organ, certain portions of our exquisitely beautiful liturgy:

> "This the divine Cecilia found,
> And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
> When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
> The immortal powers incline their ear;
> Borne in their swelling notes, our souls aspire,
> While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
> And angels lean from heaven to hear."

The soul, when thus raised to the true worship of the Giver of all good, should not be subject to the annoyance to which I have ventured to allude, and which by due discipline the organist might surely remove.

The present excellent bishop, Dr. Bethell, is indefatigable in his attention to the duties of the Cathedral, which, by the kind and conscientious feeling united with his character, were just now rendered rather arduous, in consequence of the very advanced age of the dean. This worthy and truly orthodox prelate is as much and as deservedly in esteem at Bangor as he was when occupied in his former see at Gloucester. He preached upon the present occasion. His discourse was sound, beautifully persuasive, and appropriate, his text being taken from the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah, verses fourteenth, fifteenth, and nineteenth:

> "The words of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, that he commanded his sons not to drink wine, are performed; for unto this day they drink none, but obey their father's commandment: notwithstanding I have spoken to you, rising early and speaking; but ye hearkened not unto me.

"I have sent also unto you all my servants the prophets, rising up early, and sending them, saying, Return ye now every man from his evil way, and amend your doings, and go not after other gods to serve them, and ye shall dwell in the land which I have given to you and to your fathers; but ye have not inclined your ear, nor hearkened unto me.

"Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever."

Whilst expatiating upon the obedience of the Rechabites, when placed in opposition to the disobedience of the Jews, the bishop drew just and useful inferences for the instruction of Christians, and then especially enlarged upon that peculiar duty which devolves upon them, to afford their regular attendance upon the sacramental service, that sacred service which he was about to administer. This forcible and persuasive discourse might well have reminded many of the congregation of Cowper's vigorous description of the exemplary preacher:

"There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies. His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental hosts of God's elect."

The episcopal palace stands behind the cathedral, and its unassuming appearance is in good keeping with the peaceful yet beautiful retirement of the surrounding scene. It has been aptly observed, that the sole translation which a Bishop of Bangor could desire must be to heaven. And truly, in such a spot, and employed in an office so divine, what individual would not rejoice, as much as consistent with duty, to quit this busy world, and say,

> " Here let Time's creeping winter shed
> His hoary snow around my head;
> And while I feel, by fast degrees,
> My sluggard blood wax chill and freeze,
> Let thought unveil to my fixed eye
> The scenes of deep eternity;
> Till, life dissolving at the view,
> I wake, and find the vision true."

These are wishes and sentiments with which one might indeed locate in many a situation in the vicinity of Bangor, to which it was with true regret that we bade " adieu."

The distance from Bangor to Conway is nearly fifteen miles. On the left of the road, the Menai, expanding into the harbours of Beaumaris and Conway, and then into the Irish Sea, constantly affords a fine marine view. Passing through Llandegai, you reach Aber, a neat and pleasant village, where at high water there is good sea-bathing, and where also there is a ferry to Anglesea, though the Lavan sands when the tide is out, being dry for four miles, render the passage in foggy weather rather hazardous. At such sea-

sons the bell of Aber church is constantly rung, to direct persons crossing the ferry. The entire length of the Menai is fifteen miles, and there are still five ferries over it. The first, at the southern end, is at Aber Menai; the second is at Caernarvon; the third is at Moel-y-Don, four miles north of Caernarvon, a place remarkable as being the site of a battle fought in 1282, when the English under Edward the First were defeated by the Welsh; the fourth ferry is at Garth, a mile north of the bridge; and the fifth is at Aber. A very wonderful coincidence is connected with the Menai Strait. "Upon the 5th of December in 1664, a boat with eighty-seven passengers in crossing was upset, and one person only saved. On the same day, in 1785, another boat overset, with sixty persons on board, one only being preserved. On the 5th of August, 1820, a third boat, with twenty-five passengers, met the same fate, all again perishing excepting one man. In each case the individual who was rescued from a watery grave was named Hugh Williams." The village of Aber is placed at the entrance of a deep glen which runs two miles into the mountains, and at the end of which is a fine cataract with a fall of nearly eighty feet. The church is very ancient, with a square tower, and there is a good inn. Upon an artificial mount near the village formerly stood a castle, the residence of the princes of North Wales. It was here that Llewellyn received the summons of Edward to deliver up his principality, and here also was detected an intrigue

between the wife of the former and William de Breos, a powerful baron, whom he had taken prisoner. The prince did not discover this injury until De Breos had procured his ransom, and then inviting him to his palace, he wreaked his revenge by hanging him on an opposite eminence. Thus situated, he cruelly exhibited him to his wife, first demanding from her what she would give to see her lover. Llewellyn's interrogatory, with his lady's reply, has been handed down in a Welsh distich, which may be thus translated:

> "Lovely princess," said Llewellyn,
> "What will you give to see your Willim?"

to which she replied:

> "Wales, and England, and Llewellyn,
> I'd give them all to see my Willim."

The small village of Llanfair next occurs, beyond which the vast Penmanmawr rises abruptly, its dark and tempest-beaten sides exhibiting a striking contrast to the surrounding somewhat rich and fertile country. This is the last, though by no means the least splendid feature in the Snowdon chain; and here the tourist through North Wales is, for a while at least, discarded from that wonderful and romantic mountain scenery, in which his every sense must have been absorbed, according to the route which he has adopted, for a distance of from seventy to ninety miles, and which affords perhaps a richer variety of country than even the boasted region of the Alps themselves. How often, during his travel, whilst engrossed by the fascinations of

a peculiarly favoured spot, will he be led to acknowledge the liberal portion which the hand of nature alone bestows!

" Yes! all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd.
. . . . . .
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Cambria's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow,
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies.

" O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

" O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody."

BEATTIE.

The pass along the side of Penmanmawr, which we now encountered, was formerly much and justly dreaded by the traveller. It pervades a narrow shelf of the mountain, which above his head threatened to overwhelm him, whilst the roaring ocean immediately beneath appeared ready to receive its victim. The road is now widened, and

the side towards the sea is secured by a strong wall. Still, however, the sides of the mountain rising nearly perpendicular, and even occasionally projecting over the road, constitute a fearful aspect. Growing out of Penmanmawr is the hill called Braich-y-ddinas, where formerly stood a castle, the fortifications of which were capable of containing twenty thousand men. This was the strongest post of the Welsh in the Snowdon district, and here they placed themselves pending the negotiation between Edward and Llewellyn. The vicinity also abounds in matter for speculation to the antiquary, many Druidical and Roman remains being here traced. We now fronted the jutting promontories of the Great and Little Orme's Head; and it was nearly opposite this part of the coast where the Rothsay Castle steamer was wrecked in a storm in August 1831, upwards of one hundred persons having perished by this disastrous event.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder, and then all was hush'd
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

BYRON.

This dreadful calamity was caused, as it was afterwards ascertained, by the criminal negligence of the captain, who had not furnished the vessel with the necessary apparatus for such an emergency, and who, with the mate, appeared to have been in a state of intoxication.

It was verging towards sunset, as from the summit of a long winding hill we looked down on the ancient town and castle of Conway. The magnificent ocean, ranging on the left, infinitely contributed to the beauty of the scene, and gave rise to a train of reflection, which may be thus expressed :

How beautiful the setting sun reposes o'er the wave !
Like virtue, life's drear warfare done, descending to the grave ;
Yet smiling with a brow of love, benignant, pure, and kind,
And blessing, ere she soars above, the realm she leaves behind.

The cloudlets edged with crimson light veil o'er the blue serene,
While swift the legions of the night are shadowing o'er the scene ;
The sea-gull, with a wailing moan, upstarting, turns to seek
Its lonely dwelling place upon the promontory's peak.

The heaving sea, the distant hill, the waning sky, the woods,
With melancholy musing fill the swelling heart that broods
Upon the light of other days, whose glories now are full,
And on the visions hope could raise, vacant but beautiful.

Descending this eminence, we soon entered Conway through the Porth Ucha. The Castle Hotel has afforded us good fare and lodging. We are now sallying forth therefrom, to ramble through the town and the ruins of its once splendid castle.

RUTHIN, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1837.

CONWAY TO ABERGELEY	12	32 MILES.
ABERGELEY TO ST. ASAPH	7	
ST. ASAPH TO DENBIGH	5	
DENBIGH TO RUTHIN	8	

MANY objects of a most interesting character were yesterday comprised in the short space of twelve hours. The thread of my tale was broken, as we proceeded to survey the town and castle of Conway. This place, like Caernarvon, arises from the ruins of one still more ancient. Edward the First, A. D. 1284, built the present town at the mouth of the river, and hence it is called Aber-Conway. In shape it is nearly triangular, which form, Mr. Warner suggests, might have been chosen by Edward in compliment to his newly conquered subjects, as it closely resembles the Welsh harp. The warlike monarch might possibly upon this occasion have "professed" a civil intent. Doubtless, however, the security of the place really prescribed this singular model; at all events both happen to be in accordance with the situation. It is entirely surrounded by lofty walls, and defended by twenty-four round towers and four principal gateways. The base of the triangle runs along the river, and at the farthest angle stands the magnificent Castle, a

fortress which in strength and beauty surpasses even its rival, built it is said by the same architect, at Caernarvon. Its form is oblong, and the walls with the eight massive towers, a turret issuing from the top of each, are nearly entire. The avarice, however, of some individuals led them to excavate the slate rock which forms the base of this noble edifice, and a large portion of one of the towers fell in consequence on the beach, the upper part nevertheless still remaining entire. Opposite the entrance are two towers, called the King's and the Queen's, from having been inhabited by Edward and his Queen Eleanor. Within the walls of the Castle are two large courts, and the dimensions of some of the chief apartments may distinctly be traced. The great hall forms a striking emblem of the monarch's magnificence, it being 139 feet in length, and 32 in breadth. The roof of this noble room was supported by eight gothic arches, six of which still remain. Perhaps no building has more frequently employed the talent of the artist, and here also was laid the scene for the deservedly popular drama of the Castle Spectre. As we ramble through these interesting ruins, and chiefly whilst in admiration of the spacious hall, the mind promptly recurs to the convivial scenes, which once pervaded this splendid establishment. These have long since passed away, and we painfully feel, that now

"No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth, no more the glance
Of blazing taper through its windows beams,

And quivers o'er the undulating wave;
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lashed by the wintry tempests cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful through the empty hall,
And piecemeal crumble down the whole to dust."

As a stronghold for the resistance of any attack, the situation, the plan, and the immense thickness of the walls contributed to render Conway Castle almost impregnable. But to return to the town. In Castle-street is an ancient building, formerly in possession of the Stanley family, and near the market-place is another very large mansion, built in 1585, by Robert Wynne, and apparently erected for charitable purposes. Within are numerous coats of arms of former patrons. On the front are the arms of Elizabeth, and there was also heretofore, a Greek inscription, Ανεχϑ, Απεχϑ, denoting the words, bear, forbear. It is now inhabited by poor families, who pay a rent for their rooms. There was formerly in Conway an Abbey of the Cistercian order, founded by Llewellyn, A. D. 1185. The church stands in the centre of the town, but its appearance is devoid of elegance. It possesses a few monuments of the Wynne family, and in the nave is a flat stone, with the following notable record of fecundity:

"Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conwy, Gent., who was the 41st. child of his father, William Hookes Esq^re. by Alice, his wife, and father of 27 children; who died March 20th. 1637."

Conway was appointed the rendezvous of the forces destined to support the unfortunate Richard

upon his return from Ireland. In this district he found 40,000 men assembled under the Earl of Shrewsbury; but the perfidy of Percy Earl of Northumberland entrapped him, and the result was his delivery into the hands of his cruel enemy Bolingbroke. Shakespeare, in his admirable play of King Richard the Second, pathetically describes the broken spirit of the unhappy monarch, upon this memorable occasion:

"K. Richard . . Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death:
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

There are also some exquisitely touching passages, in the subsequent scene before Flint Castle, when Bolingbroke sends Percy to summon Richard to a parle. Take for example the following:

"Aumerle. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
King Richard. What must the king do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The King shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of King? O' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;

My gay apparel, for an almsman's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave;
A little, little grave, an obscure grave."

But perhaps the narrative which the Duke of York makes to his Duchess of the wretched king's entry into London with the proud Bolingbroke, is still more affecting:

"DUCHESS. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?
YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents."

Conway was also held by Sir John Owen for King Charles, but General Mytton eventually took it by storm. The population is now about 1300.

In a walk, two or three hundred yards up the river, we enjoyed a fine view of the castle, in connexion, as it were, with the suspension bridge. This beautiful work of art was erected under the superintendence of Mr. Telford, by the same

D. Cox

W. Radclyffe.

CONWAY.

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parties who executed the Menai bridge. It is judiciously built in the castellated style, and wears the appearance of a drawbridge to the fortress, whilst the town on the left, and the river opening to the sea in the distance, in conjunction form a coup-d'œil peculiarly imposing. This bridge supersedes the dangerous ferry, which formerly existed here over the Conway. The first stone was laid in the spring of 1822, and it was opened to the public in the summer of 1826. The embankment, connected with it, is a stupendous structure, and is formed of hard clay faced with stone. The length of the bridge, between the centres of the supporting towers, is 327 feet. The length of the embankment, between the island and the eastern shore, is 2015 feet, its breadth at the top being 30 feet, and its extreme width, at the base, 300 feet, where the embankment is highest. Its greatest depth is 54 feet. The river Conway was famed from the earliest period of British history, for its pearl fishery, and a pearl, as late as the reign of Charles the Second, was presented to his queen by Sir R. Wynne, and placed in the regal crown. The pearls were produced from a species of muscle, which are still found in the river, but this branch of commerce is now little regarded. At high water, near the town, the river is about a mile over, and in length it is one of the finest streams in Europe. It is navigable for small craft as far as Llanrwst. One is here again reminded of Gray's Bard:

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

Some poetical licence is here however used, in the description of this celebrated river, the course of which is by no means "foaming." It meanders, on the contrary, in peaceful quiet. But the poet, it may be, never having traversed its borders, bestowed this epithet from the character which usually pervades these alpine streams.

Having settled with our host at the Castle, we quitted this now inconsiderable town, and crossing the suspension bridge, with the adjoining embankment entered the county of Denbigh.

The road is hence directed along the lower part of Great and Little Orme's-Head, sometimes called Gogarth. This vast rock has doubtless been formerly insulated, for the main-land is now separated from it, by some low marshy ground only. It comprises a neck of land or rather of hard lime-stone, eight miles long and three broad, forming a horn to the bay of Beaumaris, and sheltering the harbour of Conway. The cliffs rise above the sea, with fearful abruptness, and abound with multitudes of gulls, cormorants, ravens, rock-pigeons, and other birds. The peregrine falcon, so celebrated in the annals of falconry is also seen here. Suspended by a rope, individuals are often

tempted, over this and the opposite rock on Priestholm island, in some degree to hazard their lives, by gathering the rock samphire. Here one might fitly apply the beautiful imagery of our great poet:

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low;
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
> Seem scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
> Hangs one who gathers samphire, dreadful trade,
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
> The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
> Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark,
> Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy,
> Almost too small for sight."
>
> KING LEAR.

The parish church of Llandudno stands upon this promontory, and serves as a beacon. Between Conway and Llandudno, the Mostyn family has two seats; Bodscallen and Gladdaeth. The sea views between this point and Abergeley now become very fine, and are much enlivened by the steamers and other vessels, trading between Liverpool and the several ports in Wales. A mile before Abergeley is Cefu-yr-ogo, or Cave Hill, the prospect from which is very extensive. This rock yields an inexhaustible store of lime-stone. When blasted, the masses are broken up, and exported to Liverpool and other places. Here also are several natural caverns, worthy the attention of the curious. A little beyond, on the right, is Gwrych, a modern house, tastefully built in the castellated style, the residence of Mr. Hesketh, and commanding the most splendid views of the ocean, which, as before stated, is constantly animated by vessels

leaving Liverpool and Chester, as well as the various steamers bound for Ireland and Scotland. Abergeley is situated at the edge of Morfa Rhuddlan, and the scenery around this beautiful little summer resort is pleasingly varied. The bathing and the sands are excellent, but lie half a mile from the place. The population is about 2500. Two miles beyond Abergeley, is the village of St. George, or Llan St. Sior; and beyond, on the left, is Kinmel Park, Colonel Hughes, and Liamell Hall. Nearer St. Asaph is Bodlewyddan, Sir J. Williams, baronet. The entire distance of seven miles between Abergeley and St. Asaph, abounds in beautiful scenery. On the left the town of Rhuddlan, with the ruins of its ancient castle, is often conspicuous. It is situated on the banks of the Clwyd, and in the celebrated marsh to which it gives its name. Here was fought the battle between Offa and the Welsh, under Carradoc, in 795, and according to the opinion of some, it was upon this occasion that the exquisitely plaintive Welsh air of "Morfa Rhuddlan" was composed. Edward the first spent much of his time at this castle, during his warfare with the Welsh princes, and he kept his Christmas here upon three subsequent occasions. One of Queen Eleanor's daughters was born in the castle, and Richard the Second dined here on his way to Flint. Here also David, the brother of Llewellyn, was sent upon his capture, and then removed to Shrewsbury where he was executed. The fortress was dismantled by General Mytton in 1646:

J. Wrightson. W. Radclyffe

RHUDDLAN CASTLE AND RIVER CLWYD.

"And e'en so fares it with the things of earth
Which seem most constant: there will come the cloud
That shall enfold them up, and leave their place
A seat for emptiness. Our narrow ken
Reaches too far, when all that we behold
Is but the havock of wide-wasting time,
Or what he soon shall spoil. His outspread wings
Are plumed in front so downy soft, they seem
To foster what they touch, and mortal fools
Rejoice beneath their hovering: woe the while!
For in that indefatigable flight,
Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat
With ceaseless violence."

We found the episcopal city of St. Asaph to be a neat though small place, situated upon the side of a hill, in the rich vale of Clwyd, and at the conflux of the river so named with the Elwy, a handsome stone bridge being erected over each. The cathedral is built in the gothic style, and though of plain appearance is exceedingly neat, more especially as respects the interior of the building. In length it is 179 feet, and in breadth at the transept, 108 feet, the tower being 93 feet high. The east window is an imitation of that at Tintern Abbey, and it is richly adorned with painted glass. In the churchyard is a monument, erected in memory of Dr. Isaac Barrow, and in the cathedral the tombs which chiefly attract attention are those of Bishop David ap Owen, Dean Shipley, and Sir John and Lady Williams, by Chantry, together with a handsome monument, not long since erected, by the very Reverend Charles Luxmore, the present Dean, in conjunction with his sisters, to the memory of their estimable

parents, the late bishop of this diocese and his lady. The population of this place is about 3000, and the White Lion is the chief inn. The road from St. Asaph to Denbigh is most beautifully picturesque, being adorned with the lovely scenery of the vale of Clwydd, together with that of the charming vale of Elwy. The latter river, sometimes rushing through the luxuriantly wooded banks, produced an effect perhaps the more striking, our attention having been so long arrested by the more bold and splendid, yet often barren mountain scenery, with which we had recently been surrounded. The feeling however, was somewhat saddened by the conviction, that we had here bade adieu to the "wide, wide sea," that noble feature of creative wisdom, and with the irresistible charms of which we might not again, during a long period, be indulged; perhaps, never!

"Pleasant it was to see the sea-gulls strive
Against the storm, or in the ocean dive
With eager scream, or when they drooping gave
Their closing wings to sail upon the wave;
Then as the winds and waters raged around,
And breaking billows mix'd their deafening sound,
They on the rolling deep securely hung,
And calmly rode the restless waves among.
Nor pleased it less around me to behold
Far up the beach the yesty sea foam roll'd;
Or from the shore upborne, to see on high,
Its frothy flakes in wild confusion fly:
While the salt spray that clashing billows form,
Gave to the taste a feeling of the storm."

CRABBE.

A mile on the right from St. Asaph is the pretty

and tasteful residence of the Misses Luxmore; and beyond is Llanerch House, the park and grounds of which are beautiful.

Denbigh, the county town, is situated on a craggy hill in the vale of Clwyd. When its castle and walls were entire, it was a place of consequence, and old Churchyard extols it, as in the following lines:

> "Denbigh, now appeare, thy turne is next,
> I need no gloss, nor shade, to set thee out;
> For if my pen doe follow plainest text,
> And passe right way, and goe nothing about,
> Thou shalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
> The noblest soyle that is in any part;
> And for thy seate and castle do compare
> With any one of Wales, whate'er they are."

It is not a large place, though there appear to be many good residences, and it is generally well built, containing about 3300 inhabitants. We could here attempt only to visit the ruins of the ancient castle, founded by Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in the reign of the first Edward. It must have been a magnificent structure, and is situated at the summit of a steep rock commanding the town. There is now no portion of the castle in a perfect state. Here then is a powerful memento of the change effected by time. On this spot, where the splendour of a castle was once exhibited, nought save ruined towers and walls now appear. Here, where the pride of the great was conspicuous, and the gaiety of mirth was heard, the scene is become desolate, and to use the emphatic language of the prophet Isaiah;

"Thorns come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof. The screech owl also shall dwell there, and find for herself a place of rest."

To the sublimity of this prediction, we adjoin, that here,

"The busy hum
Is heard no more; no rolling drum,
No high-toned clarion sounds alarms,
No banner wakes the pride of arms,
But ivy, creeping year by year,
Of growth enormous triumphs here!"

These ruins are however still grand and picturesque, especially the remnant of a gothic arch, between two towers, at the principal entrance, over which, in a niche, is a statue of Edward. Within the walls is a well arranged bowling-green, from whence the views of Clwyd vale are splendid in the extreme, and perhaps, from hardly any other point, could they be more effectually enjoyed, Denbigh being stationed, as nearly as possible, in the centre of this charming and extensive track of country, justly designated the garden of North Wales. Some fragments of a church commenced in 1579, by Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, but never finished, are seen below the castle. In the wall over the door-way was placed a heavy stone, which it was predicted would fall and crush the best scholar in the diocese. Dr. Johnson pithily records, "One Price would not pass under it. They have taken it down." The parish church of Denbigh is situated at Whitchurch, a mile from the town, and the inhabitants consequently

resort to a chapel formerly belonging to the garrison. The manufactories here are chiefly those of gloves and shoes. Upon regaining the Ruthin road, we enjoyed a fine view of the town and castle. It is from this point considered to resemble the town of Stirling. Midway between Denbigh and Ruthin is the village of Llanrhaiadr, at which is situated the fine mansion of Richard Wildey, esq. and nearer Ruthin is Bathafern Park, Rev. Mr. Clough. During this whole distance of eight miles, the vale of Clwyd continues to range upon the left, producing a succession of rich and varied scenery. Evening approached as we quitted Denbigh, and ere we had reached Llanrhaiadr

> "Twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad;
> Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
> Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
> She all night long her amorous descant sung:
> Silence was pleased."
>
> MILTON.

It was dark on our arrival at Ruthin, and our first impression, as we entered the White Lion, was unfavourable enough. We were, however, very comfortably accommodated, meeting also with the most civil treatment from our host and hostess, not forgetting their chief satellite the waiter, a perfect Cadwallader, but as obliging a creature as could exist.

LLANGOLLEN, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1837.

RUTHIN TO LLANGOLLEN . 14 MILES.

WE remained a couple of hours yesterday morning at Ruthin, the chief part of which was devoted to the castle. The town is of some extent, and chiefly well built, being situated towards the southern extremity of the Clwyd vale. This river, which is here diminished to a small stream only, runs through the place, and is crossed by a stone bridge. The church, which is a handsome building, is beautifully situated. In the churchyard, the practice so generally adopted by the Welsh of strewing, or rather planting, the graves of their departed friends with flowers and evergreens, was conspicuous. The tomb of a youth who had been recently interred, especially attracted my notice; it was decorated with unusual care, and the imagination of Mrs. Hemans could not have been impressed by a more affecting emblem, when she wrote the following beautiful couplets:—

" Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead:
For this, through its leaves hath the white rose burst;
For this, in the woods was the violet nursed:
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

I have before reverted to this custom amongst the Welsh, and would now add, that so pious a remembrance of near and dear friends exhibits not only an amiable regard in survivors, but their feeling and taste are frequently evinced by the choice of such decorations as may be supposed with the greatest propriety to adorn the various stages of human life; thus, the spring flowers will denote the deposit of youthful remains; maturer years would be marked by the full-blown rose, or the luxuriant woodbine; whilst holly, star-wort, and rue, stamp the aged decline of this mortal life. Shakespeare, in his exquisite play of Cymbeline, has beautifully noticed this prevailing fashion throughout the principality:—

"With fairest flowers, lass,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins. No, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which, not to slander,
Outsweeten'd not thy breath."

Here also may be introduced a beautiful epitaph which occurs in the churchyard of Lloughor, in the county of Glamorgan:—

"The village maidens to her grave shall bring
Selected garlands each returning spring;
Selected sweets in emblem of the maid
Who underneath this hallow'd turf is laid:
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye;
Like her too soon they languish, fade, and die."

Thus are these mournful recollections adopted and cherished by the hands of those dear friends,

who are destined to strive a few years longer with the " pleasing anxious being" afforded by this world. A farther respect is exhibited in Wales towards the mortal remains of the humbler class. A parish hearse is often kept to receive the coffin, and convey it to the place of interment. In many retired situations, the relatives could not, by personal exertion, accomplish this last sad office. How much more decent, therefore, is this measure, than exposing the bare coffin in a cart, or more frequently, perhaps, on the back of a horse. But to return from this digression.

Ruthin being more in the centre of the county, the assizes are held here in preference to Denbigh, and the county hall is a handsome modern structure. There is also a good town hall and the county gaol. A free grammar school was founded here by Dr. Goodman, a native of the place, to whose memory there is a monument erected in the church. The population of Ruthin is about 3400, and the chief inns are the White Lion and the Cross Foxes. Ruthin Castle is now the residence of the Hon. F. West, who, within and attached to the walls of the ancient building, has erected a convenient and handsome castellated mansion, the interior of which is elegantly furnished; possessing also many estimable articles of virtû, with some good family pictures, and a respectable collection of armour; amongst the latter is exhibited a suit supposed to have been worn by Owen Glendwr, and another by Reginald de Grey. The latter, it is imagined, originally built this fort, as well as the town walls.

The Castle is built on the side of a hill which fronts the Clwyd vale, and must have been an edifice of extraordinary strength and grandeur. The colour of the stone is remarkable, being of a deep red, and from which it assumes its name, Rhud-din, or the Red Fort.

"This castle stands on rock much like red bricke,
The dykes are cut with toole through stonie cragge,
The towers are hye, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke itself would shake a subject's bagge."

CHURCHYARD.

This Castle, as well as that of Denbigh, was garrisoned for the king in the civil wars, and dismantled by General Mytton in 1645. The gardens and grounds are laid out by Mr. West with excellent taste, and at every fresh point the views are varied and charming. This gentleman appears to have benefited by the poet's exhortation :—

"To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all let nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Not overdress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide."

POPE.

The first three miles on the road towards Llangollen are still adorned with the beauties of the Clwyd vale, and with which we had now been gratified for a distance of nearly twenty-four miles. In breadth, it varies from six to eight miles. At

the north end it opens to the sea, whilst here it becomes closed in by mountains. It is considered the most extensive vale in the kingdom, is rich in cultivation, and possesses the most picturesque beauty; containing also the towns of St. Asaph, Denbigh, and Ruthin. It is shut in by lofty mountains, which, though often covered with verdure to their very summits, yet are sometimes sufficiently barren to afford a fine contrast to the luxuriant meads beneath, through which the diminutive though lovely stream of Clwyd meanders, contributing much to the enchantment of the scene. Upon Moel Vama, the highest of these mountains, is seen a lofty tower, built in commemoration of King George the Third having completed the fiftieth year of his reign. The banks of the river being very low, the vale is subject to destructive floods, the torrent often sweeping away the soil. Before quitting this scene, I must again quote old Churchyard, whose lines serve to exhibit the estimation in which the beauties of this vale have ever been held :—

" Now to the vale of worthy Duffryn Cloyd
My muse must passe, a soil most rich and gay;
This noble seate, that never none annoyed,
That sawe the same, and rode or went that way:
The view thereof so much contents the mynde,
The ayre therein, so wholesome and so kynde,
The beautie such, the breadth and length likewise,
Makes glad the hart, and pleaseth each man's eyes."

Bidding adieu to this fine and rich track of country, we again became embosomed in mountain

scenery, barren enough of foliage, but enlivened upon the right of the road by the most luxuriant purple heaths entirely overspreading the ground, the fragrant bloom of which may suitably be extolled by the following lines:—

" Some poets praise the violet's hue,
And some the lily's lightness;
Some Scotland's bells of bonny blue,
And some the rose's brightness.
But, oh, give me the heath in bloom,
That, on the wild moor growing,
So sweetly scatters its perfume,
When wintry winds are blowing.

" Rich odours seethe the mignonette,
And fill the young May flower;
And there's a softer fragrance yet
Breathes in the jessamine bower.
But, oh, give me the heath in bloom,
That, on the wild moor growing,
So sweetly scatters its perfume,
When wintry winds are blowing."

And again,

" How beautiful those wastes of heath,
Stretching for miles to lure the bee,
When the wild bird on pinion strong,
Wheels round and pours his piping song,
And timid creatures wander free."

HOWITT.

On our left a remarkable contrast was produced, the turf being thickly adorned by patches of furze, covered with a beautiful yellow flower. Ascending to the summit of the long and steep hill of Bwlch, we found the descent, though winding round the mountain, very precipitous. The road is good, but badly fenced, the declivity

on the left being fearfully deep, and nearly perpendicular. It was the only bit of ground during our tour through North Wales, where some energy in the nervous system might, at the present period at least, be required. Between Ruthin and Llangollen, the road at three different points branches off on the left to Wrexham, and on the right there is a road to Bala, and another to Corwen.

The district far around the latter was often the scene of the achievements, as well as of the hospitality, of Owen Glendwr, whose palace was situated about three miles from the town. The family name of this noted hero was Vychan, his name of Glendwr, or Glendwrdwy, being conferred from his large possessions in the vale of the Dee, or as it is now styled, the Vale of Llangollen. His name is still venerated in this district.

Glendwr was born about the year 1350. Shakespeare finely portrays the superstitious feeling of that age, mixed at the same time with no small share of vanity in the man, when he makes him relate this event:

> "At my nativity
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
> Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
> The frame and huge foundation of the earth
> Shaked like a coward."

Hotspur's characteristic reply to this vaunting is too excellent to be omitted:

> "Why, so it would have done
> At the same season, if your mother's cat had
> But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born."

Glendwr from having been a chief favourite at the English court, in the reign of Richard the Second, retired after his Sovereign's death to his native country, full of wrath at the wrongs which his royal master had endured. Being treated with much contempt by his successor after he had thus retired, he promptly took arms, and boldly assumed his title to the crown of the Principality, as being the lineal descendant of Llewellyn the Great.* In this character, he, for a period of fifteen years, baffled every attempt of Henry the Fourth and his heroic son wholly to deprive him of his possessions. His death occurred in his sixty-first year, A. D. 1415, and with him passed away for ever the liberties of Cambria. This is a very brief outline of the career of this renowned hero, who farther says of himself in the play from which the foregoing quotation is taken :

> "At my birth,
> The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
> Were strangely clamorous in the frighted fields.
> These signs have marked me extraordinary,
> And all the courses of my life do show
> I am not in the roll of common men."
>
> KING HENRY IV. PT. I.

Nearly opposite the second mile stone before Llangollen, is one of the most ancient British relics which may be supposed to exist. It is

* Leland thus traces his genealogy: "Lluelin ap Jorworth Droyndan, Prince of al Wales, had Grifith; Grifith had Lluelin; Lluelin had Caterine; Caterine had Eleanor; Eleanor had Helene, mother to O. Glindoure."

called Eliseg's Pillar, and was erected in honour of a hero so named. He was the father of Brockwal Yscythrog, Prince of Powis, who was slain by the Saxons in the battle of Chester, A. D. 607. This memorial was raised by his great grandson Concem, and was originally twelve, but is now only eight feet high. Traces of the ancient inscription are still apparent, though they are not legible. During the civil wars it was thrown down, but Mr. Lloyd of Trevor Hall, caused it to be again erected in 1779, and a modern inscription was, on this occasion, placed on it. The tumulus, on which it stands, was opened a few years since, and some bones discovered underneath, between two flat stones. About three hundred yards farther on is Valle Crucis or Llan Eglwest Abbey, built in a beautifully verdant and spacious meadow, at the foot of a lofty hill, a clear and lovely stream murmuring through the former. The situation is secluded and delightful:

> "Such are the haunts
> Religion loves, a meek and humble maid."

This has ever been considered the finest ecclesiastical fabric in Wales, and derived its name from having possessed a piece of the true Cross. It was occupied by a fraternity of the Cistercian order, and was founded about the year 1200. The house is now converted into farming tenements, but still retains some interesting monastic features. Edward the First granted it several immunities. The ruins of the Church and part of

the Abbey still remain, and are especially admired for their picturesque beauty. The former appears to have been cruciform. The east and west ends and part of the transepts present fine specimens of the ornamented Gothic style of the thirteenth century. The total length of the church was 180 feet, the breadth of the nave 31 feet, and of the aisles 13 feet. The west front must have worn a noble and beautiful appearance, having a spacious and fine arched door-way elaborately ornamented, over which, in an arch, are three lancet windows, with a beautiful marigold window above. The Abbot's apartment was contiguous to the church, from which, if indisposed, he could hear the services. In the area of the church are several tall ash trees, which partly concealing the ivy-clad walls, enhance the beautiful effect of the ruin, and especially adding to the picturesque, in framing subjects for the artist.

"Say ivy'd Valle Crucis, time decay'd,
Dim on the bank of Deva's wandering flood,
Your riv'd arch glimmering thro' the tangled glade,
Your gray hills low'ring o'er yon night of shade;
Deep in the vale's recesses do you stand,
And desolately great the rising sigh command."

SEWARD.

In such a spot, and treading upon ground which we inwardly feel to have been consecrated to Religion, the mind must often be forcibly led to the consideration of her important duties, to which these hallowed walls, these sacred altars and

shrines have been formerly devoted with so much fervent, yet perhaps in some measure mistaken, zeal. Here too our meditations may perchance be pursued, and we may further imagine:

"How many hearts have here grown cold,
That sleep these mouldering tombs among;
How many beads have here been told,
How many matins here been sung?

"On these rude stones, by time long broke,
I think I see some pilgrim kneel,
I think I see the censer smoke,
I think I hear the solemn peal.

"But here no more soft music floats,
No holy anthems chaunted now;
All hushed except the owl's shrill note,
Low murmuring from yon broken bough."

We noticed that the custom of mowing, instead of reaping, their wheat prevailed amongst the farmers in this district.

The appearance of the town of Llangollen, pronounced Thlangothlen, was somewhat disappointing. It is irregularly and by no means well built, being situated on the river Dee, and containing about 5000 inhabitants. The picturesque appearance of the bridge over the Dee is striking. It consists of four pointed arches, the great body of the river, however, running under one only, where it has caused a dark channel of more than twenty feet deep. The stately title of the Saint to whom the church is dedicated is given to us by Mr. Pennant as follows: "St. Collen ap Gwynnawg ap Clydawg ap Cowrda ap Caradog Freichfras ap Lleyr Merim ap Einion Yrth ap Cunedda Wledig."

There is nothing remarkable in this edifice, excepting a carved roof brought from the chapel in Valle Crucis Abbey, and a triangular monument, erected by Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, over a vault, intended, and subsequently appropriated, as a burial place for themselves, and their servant, Mary Carryl. We visited Plas Newydd, the celebrated retreat of these ladies, who, without the knowledge of their friends, eloped to the vale of Llangollen, where they resided, for many years, in peaceful retirement, unknown by any other appellation than the "Ladies of the Vale." It is an elegant building in the cottage style, situated on a knoll; and in an extent of about two acres, the pleasure ground exhibits as much beauty and taste as could be comprised in so limited a space. Miss Seward calls it "the Fairy Palace of the vale."

"Happy is he who to such shades retires,
Whom nature charms and whom the muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of heartfelt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease."

The decorations of this charming retreat have been much admired. It was sold by Mr. George Robins in 1832, and is now again occupied by two fair hermits, Miss Lawley and Miss Andrews, who appear to emulate the recluse ideas of their predecessors. About a mile from Llangollen is Castle Dinas Bran, a ruined fortress, built upon and occupying nearly the entire summit of a steep hill;

"On hill full hygh,
A Castle stands, an old and ruynous thing;
That haughtie house was buylt in weather's eye,

A pretty pyle and pleasure for a king;
A fort, a strength, a strong and stately hold
It was at first; tho' it now is full old;
On rocke alone, full farre from other mount,
It stands, which showes it was of great account."

CHURCHYARD.

It is supposed to have been originally founded by the ancient Britons, and must have been a place of great strength, which, coupled with its almost inaccessible situation, may be said, indeed, to have rendered it impregnable, excepting to time, that slow but sure assailant. It is now a heap of mouldering ruins;

"Tis now the raven's black abode,
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruin, moss, and weeds;
While ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls."

In 1396, a celebrated beauty resided here, descended from the house of Powis. She won the heart of a noted bard, Howel ap Einion Lygliw, who addressed her in a beautiful ode, from which the following is an extract;

"Refulgent in thy golden bower,
As morning in her eastern tower;
Thy name the echoing valleys round,
Thy name a thousand hills resound,
Let not a cruel heart disgrace
The beauties of that heavenly face!
Thou canst not with ungentle eye
Behold thy faithful Howel die."

Miss Seward also alludes to her, in her poem of "Llangollen Vale,"

> "Mid the gay towers on deep Dinn Branny's cone
> Her Howel's breast the fair Myfanwy fires;
> O harp of Cambria, never hast thou known
> Notes more mellifluent floating o'er the wires;
> Than when thy bard this brighter Laura sung,
> And with his ill-starr'd love Llangollen's echo rung."

Within the walls there is a room much frequented by tea parties, and to the north-west of the castle there is an immense rock, called Craig Eglwyseg, or the Eagle's Rock. The chief inns at Llangollen are the Hand, and the King's Head. We were comfortably entertained at the latter. In common with fellow travellers, we had often been solicited, at several of the hotels, to announce, in a book produced for that purpose, our names and residence, to which the guests were invited to add their opinion as to the accommodation which the house had afforded. This record usually contained also some poetic or other effusion of the wit, or perchance of the "no wit." For example, I will not say to which clan it may appertain, in our host's "Album" at Bedd-Gelert occurs the following scrap:

> "Here is a theme that never fails,
> To think or write upon;
> The undersigned has been in Wales!
> Jonah was but in one!" T. H.

Amongst the precious "pourings out" of the fertile brain, and inserted in the register of our present destination, is the following:

"Seeking one eve in this sweet town,
A place to board and bed,
Comfort took me by the 'Hand,'
And led me to the 'King's Head.'"

Another ran thus:

"Just twenty moons have wax'd and waned,
Since I my pen employed;
Adding to those herein contained,
My estimate of Lloyd.

"How few things now remain the same!
How altered all with men!
And yet methinks that I could name
One thing the same as then.

"For that I now take up my pen,
Here publicly to mention,
That Lloyd's Inn is the same as then,
In comfort and attention."

The former of these flights of fancy was exactly parallel with our own fate. We drove to the "Hand," which was so full of guests, that we could obtain but very poor accommodation, and we therefore sheltered ourselves under the "Head," which, as above represented, proved to be all we could have desired. Hitherto we have not half surveyed the beautiful scenery around this place, the praises therefore which I have to bestow upon Llangollen Vale, I shall be better qualified to proclaim when we have made a further advance in our Fly.

SHREWSBURY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1837.

LLANGOLLEN TO CHIRK . . .	7	31 MILES.
CHIRK TO OSWESTRY . . .	6	
OSWESTRY TO SHREWSBURY . .	18	

UPON attaining the high road leading towards Chirk from Llangollen, yesterday morning, the celebrated Vale, in which the latter is situated, burst on our view in all its beauties. This rich and picturesque Valley has long and justly formed a theme, upon which both prose and poetic scribblers have never failed to render their meed of praise. The artist also here finds abundant subjects for his pencil. During the whole of the first four miles from Llangollen, no scenery can indeed be imagined more charmingly varied. It is bounded on each side by lofty hills, whilst the river Dee, forcing its tortuous passage over a stony and uneven bed, and often forming beautiful cascades, waters the plains, adding much to the charming effect of this lovely scene;

"Again Dee's holiness began
By his contracted front and sterner waves to show
That he had things to speak that profit them to know;
A brook that was supposed much business to have seen,
Which had an ancient bound twixt Wales and England been,
And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good
Of either country told." DRAYTON.

and further;

"When rising slow from Deva's wizard stream,
The blue mists borne on the autumnal gale,
Cloud the deep windings of Llangollen's vale,
And the high cliff glows with day's latest gleam"

SOUTHEY.

It would appear, from the following clever extempore, that eulogy, in bad as well as in good lines, has been passed on this noted stream:

"Had I been U,
And in the Q,
As easy I might B;
I'd let U C,
Whilst sipping T,
Far better lines on D."

The meadows and woodlands are interspersed with many tasteful villas of the neighbouring gentry, and the neat cottages of the humbler classes contribute to enliven and diversify the picture.

This vale, in conjunction with those of Festiniog and of Clwyd, has been regarded as holding a sort of rivalship, in the estimation of their manifold admirers. The character of each, however, is so very distinct, that it appears to me to be "tout-à-fait outré" to place them in competition with each other.

Festiniog derives much of its lustre from the stupendous character of the mountain scenery, by which this charming spot is so entirely enveloped. Clwyd bears the palm, when we contemplate the extended reach of its fertilized plain; whilst Llangollen may be considered to partake in a

measure of these united advantages, softened however in each instance into a more mild and retiring aspect. Such, at least, is the brief critique which my pen has to offer in allusion to the respective merits of these celebrated valleys; to which it may not be misplaced to intimate, that they form "three only" of the many lovely valleys which the tourist will encounter in North Wales; indeed, if a warm admirer of seclusion, he might even be sooner induced to make his election around the base of Snowdon or of Cader Idris. All will ever command, in no common measure, the admiration of such who can revel in those feelings which spring from a true enjoyment of the country; and,

"Blest is the man
Who looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say;—My Father made them all."

COWPER.

About four miles from Llangollen is the celebrated aqueduct of Pont Cysylltau, pronounced Pont-y-casult. It lies to the left of the road, and is well worthy of a visit. The tourist however must encounter a walk of about a mile along the bank of the Ellesmere canal. This is another of those wonderful structures, conceived and executed by

the extraordinary talents of Mr. Telford. It was erected for the purpose of carrying the Ellesmere canal over the river and vale of the Dee, thereby completing a navigable communication between the rivers Severn, Dee, and Mersey ; and, in so doing, it establishes that intercourse between England and North Wales, so infinitely tending to promote the best interests of agriculture and commerce, as connected with each country. It was commenced in 1795, and completed in ten years. The fine scenery, which, in every direction, surrounds this noble work of art, gives an additional effect to its grandeur. In order to gain the most advantageous view of this wonderful enterprise, it will be necessary to descend upon either side of the arches, into the valley beneath, where its stupendous character can be fully appreciated. In magnitude, it surpasses any of the famed aqueducts modelled by the Romans, although the latter far surpassed it in length. There are nineteen arches, resting upon square stone pillars, through three of which, towards the centre, the river flows. Over this splendid arcade, a cast-iron trough is expanded, eleven feet ten inches in breadth, and five feet three inches in depth, conveying the water of the canal 1007 feet, over the vale and the river. The length of the earthen embankment, upon the southern side of the river, is 1504 feet, and the height at the southern abutment is 75 feet. The total height from the Dee, is about 126 feet.

About two miles further on, the turnpike road

commands fine views of Trevor House, Mr. Lloyd, and of Wynstay, the noble mansion of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.; and still farther we passed Chirk Castle, a splendid castellated edifice, the residence of Mrs. Myddleton Biddulph. The extensive and richly wooded park and grounds reach to the foot of the Berwyn mountains, and the elevated ground, near the castle, commands one of the richest and most capacious views in Wales. The eye can reach into no less than seventeen counties. The varied ground, in the park itself, possesses every advantage, the foreground, from thence, occupying the most charming valleys, whilst magnificent mountain scenery engrosses the distance. Here the enthusiastic admirer of a fine and extended prospect would readily and fitly exclaim;

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

MILTON.

Chirk Castle was originally built, A.D. 1013, by Roger Mortimer. It has been in possession of the Myddleton family since the commencement of the

seventeenth century, and, during the civil wars, Sir Thomas Myddleton was its possessor. From having been an advocate on the parliamentarian side, he discovered, towards the decline of life, that he had supported an unconstitutional faction, and endeavoured, when too late, to make restitution. Lambert pursued him to his castle at Chirk, of which he demolished a considerable portion. At the Restoration, Sir Thomas was offered a coronet for his services, which he refused. There is still a bed preserved, in which Charles the Second slept, and a valuable cabinet, which he presented to the family. In shape, the castle is quadrangular, and presents a strong embattled edifice, which, although it has withstood the storms of warfare and of time for nearly five centuries, is still one of the most perfect castellated mansions of its age in the kingdom. Farther on, to the left, is Brinkynalt, the fine seat and estate of Lord Dungannon, and we then entered the populous village of Chirk, containing about 1600 inhabitants, being delightfully situated on the river Ceiriog. The church contains some fine monuments of the Myddleton family.

The renowned Dr Henry Sacheverell was collated to this living in 1709. The ultimate good fortune of this individual formed a striking instance of the inconsistent effect often produced by conflicting party spirit. He was a fellow student at Magdalen College with Addison, who dedicated his "Account of the English Poets" to him. Whilst at Oxford, he distinguished himself by the

production of some poetry in Latin, and became fellow of his college. He was appointed, in 1705, Preacher at St. Saviour's, Southwark, and was still in that situation, when, in 1709, he preached his two noted sermons: the first before the judges, at the Derby summer assizes; and the second at St. Paul's, on the 5th November following. The object of these really weak and factious discourses was, by exciting fears for the Church's safety, to awaken a feeling of rancour towards the toleration of dissenters. For this turbulent proceeding, he was foolishly impeached at the bar of the House of Lords, and by a majority of seventeen only was found guilty. His sermons were burnt by the common hangman, and he was prohibited from preaching for three years. It was soon after this event, that he was presented with the benefice of Chirk; whither he went in the utmost splendour, being entertained on his road by many of the nobility and gentry, and even by the University of Oxford. In short, "The Church and Dr. Sacheverell!" became the popular cry, whilst the very leaders of this faction despised the object of their homage. This uproar, however, tended to overthrow the ministry; and, to complete the farce, this man was, in the same month that his suspension terminated, inducted to the valuable rectory of St. Andrews, Holborn. He was subsequently heard little of, excepting from his repeated brawls with his parishioners.

Half a mile from Chirk, the Ellesmere canal is carried over the river and vale of Ceiriog, by an

aqueduct, which, though inferior to Pont-y-Cysylltau, is a work of considerable magnitude. It consists of ten arches, and extends about 600 feet.

Not far from this place was the celebrated boundary between England and Wales, called Clawdd Offa, or Offa's dyke. Mr. Evans says, "It may be traced at Brachy-hill, and Lanterden in Herefordshire, and is continued northward from Knighton, in Radnorshire, over a part of Shropshire; enters Montgomeryshire between Bishops Castle and Newton; passes over Mynydd Digoll, through Lenir-park to the Severn at Ruttington, just below the conflux of the Bele and the Severn; it appears again passing by the churches of Llandysilio and Llanymynech, over the horse-course above Oswestry; whence it descends to the Ceiriog, near Chirk; crosses the Dee and the Ruabon-road, near Plas Madoc, and forms part of the turnpike-road from Wrexham to Pentre Bychan; leaves Minera on the left, crosses Cegsdog river, and at a farm near Treyddin chapel, in the parish of Mold, Flintshire, ceases to be visible."

This famous undertaking of antiquity, consisting of a deep dyke, with an accompanying rampart of earth, was formed by Offa, A. D. 776, to mark the confines of his kingdom of Mercia, and, at the same time, as he flattered himself, to afford it some security against the inroads of the Welsh. It originally extended 150 miles, from the Clwyddian hills to the mouth of the Wye, near Chepstow. Great, however, as was this Work, it evinced much ignorance on the part of its founder, and, at

the same time, exhibited the barbarism of the age; for, considered either as the demarcation for a boundary, or as affording the means of defence, it was of little or no advantage, as the Welsh still continued their ravages. Subsequently, King Harold was induced to publish an edict to the effect, that any Welshman, found on the eastern side of Offa's dyke, should lose his right hand.

There is another barrier running for some distance parallel with Offa's dyke, and which has sometimes been confounded with it. This boundary is called Watt's dyke, and the space between the two was considered free ground, where, for purposes of negotiation or commerce, the Britons and Danes might parley with impunity;

> "Within two miles there is a famous thing,
> Cal'de 'Offa's Dyke,' that reacheth farre in length;
> All kind of ware people might thither bring,
> It was free ground, and cal'de the Britaines Strength.
> 'Wat's Dyke,' likewise, about the same was set,
> Between which two both Danes and Britaines met,
> And trafficke still, but passing boundes by sleight,
> The one did take the other pris'ner straight."
>
> CHURCHYARD.

At Chirk we crossed the river Ceiriog, and at this spot were doomed to bid a reluctant adieu to the principality of Wales. The scenes which had therein attended us were novel, were most captivating. Stupendous mountains and rugged rocks, with numerous fine lakes scattered in their bosoms, from which impetuous cataracts were seen to urge their frothy career through the rich foliage of beau-

tiful woods, and then to glide along the most lovely valleys; the ruined fortress or abbey oft adding to the picturesque: these are features which, even taken separately, but more especially when united, cannot fail to produce sensations of delight of no common-place description, and more chiefly so to those tourists who, like ourselves, had never before been so entirely surrounded by wonders and beauties so truly imposing. There was consequently a proportionate feeling of unfeigned regret in now forsaking them. Here, moreover, have we had frequent occasion to notice, that the antiquary will find never-failing objects to interest his curiosity; nor must we forget that over these Alpine heights, and in these lowly vales, the botanist will derive constant gratification, often meeting with natural productions elsewhere sought in vain.

> "And who their virtues can declare? Who pierce
> With vision pure into those secret stores
> Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
> While yet he lived in innocence, and told
> A length of golden years."
>
> THOMSON.

Throughout this wild country, will it also be recollected that the spirit of freedom, which during many ages had pervaded the breasts of her native children, had at the same time tended to maintain her independence, occasionally even chastising the tyranny and rapacity of her more martial and opulent neighbours. Above all, in the grandeur of such scenes, we must often be led to

acknowledge our own insignificance; but in thus arguing we may fairly, though humbly, reflect, that the very elevation of the thoughts of man, whilst contemplating these stupendous works of his Almighty Creator, tends to bring with it the cheerful confidence of an alliance with that Supreme Being, who has bestowed upon him a mind capable of rendering such wonders grateful to his heart. Hence should we be led to the ardent prayer, that we may in all his works, at all times, and in all places, confess, and strive to please him, as our common Parent, and our merciful God.

> "Father of Light and Life! thou Good Supreme!
> O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
> Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
> From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
> With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
> Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"
>
> THOMSON.

To allude, in conclusion, to the inhabitants of this favoured country, they are most commonly disposed to be plain, obliging, and hospitable.

> "They thinke it dette and dutie frank and free,
> In towne or fielde to yeeld you cap and knee."

Observation had, however, led us to notice, that wealth and its concomitant luxury had made their inroads. May they never so far increase their baneful influence, as to destroy that honest and calm content, which is still found to pervade the character of this artless people! As yet, we may still, in the solitude of many a lowly hamlet, shut

in by their native mountains, fairly here allege that,

"Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and warbles as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

GOLDSMITH.

Once more: may refinement never tend, here or elsewhere, to deaden those natural feelings which are in the foregoing lines so admirably pictured!

CAMBRIA, ADIEU!

From Llangollen we had been traversing the great Holyhead road, which we still retained: having here entered the county of Salop. We halted to dine at Oswestry. This was formerly a town of considerable strength, having been surrounded with walls, which were taken down in 1769. It was defended also by a castle, erected here in the reign of Stephen. The peculiar site of Oswestry occasioned it to be severely harassed during the conquest of Wales. The church stands out of the town, and is a venerable structure. The population is now about 4000, and the

place appears to be fast increasing in consequence. The principal inns are the Wynnstay Arms, the Foxes, and the Cross Keys. From Oswestry to Shrewsbury the country is fine and open, and the land appears to be generally favourable and productive to the agriculturist. There are several beautiful seats on each side of the road, occupied by the nobility and gentry of the County. Four miles from Oswestry the road crosses the Ellesmere Canal, and five miles further, at Nesscliff, is a fine view of the Breidden Hills, and the pillar erected in honour of Lord Rodney; a mile from which is Boscobel House, in which the Pendrill family concealed Charles the Second upon his flight after the battle of Worcester. Two miles further is Ensdon House, Earl of Powis; and two miles beyond, at Montford Bridge, we crossed the Severn. At Shelton, about three miles distant from this point in the road, is a celebrated oak, entirely hollow, and of large dimensions, which it is said that Owen Glendwr ascended, at the battle of Shrewsbury, to reconnoitre the forces of the king. Finding them to be very effective, and also aware that Hotspur had not been joined by the Earl of Northumberland, Glendwr fell back upon Oswestry and returned into Wales.

Another account of this affair states, "that the rashness of Hotspur determined him to hazard a battle before Glendwr, with his Welsh forces, could join him. The apparent defection, therefore, of the latter might have been unavoidable. Every tradition, however, concurs in the fact, that he

beheld the discomfiture of the Percys from the top of a distant and lofty tree, and had consequently to consult his own safety by flight. His affairs could never afterwards be said to prosper, though he continued his marauding warfare with England for some years, until at length Henry condescended to treat with him. Owen's death, A.D. 1415, happened pending this negotiation, but it was ratified, in the following year, by his son Meredydd ap Owen."

Again crossing the Severn over the Welsh bridge, we concluded this long stage, entering Shrewsbury, the county town of Salop, towards the evening.

WORCESTER, SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1837.

SHREWSBURY TO COALBROOK DALE.	13	49 MILES.
COALBROOK DALE TO BRIDGENORTH.	7	
BRIDGENORTH TO KIDDERMINSTER.	14	
KIDDERMINSTER TO WORCESTER.	15	

THE tourist, (I mean the scribbling tourist,) is, I suppose, commonly expected to give publicity to his adventures, until he arrives at the goal from whence he started. I should otherwise have been well content to have closed this narrative as we pronounced "Farewell" to Wales. The residue will prove, I fear, "dull as a tale twice told." Upon leaving Shrewsbury yesterday, we had still seventy-five miles to achieve, with somewhat heavy and tired WINGS, in less than two days. We could, therefore, but imperfectly inquire into and notice those objects most worthy of regard, as we passed through this distance.

Shrewsbury is now become an extended and very handsome town, well situated, upon gently rising ground, on a peninsula formed by the windings of the Severn. It is a place of great antiquity, and was often in early ages the residence of royalty, having been surrounded by a wall, and protected also by a castle. As a frontier-town, it was often the scene of warfare, and here Edward the First, until he had effected his conquest of

Wales, usually held his court. The celebrated battle, A.D. 1403, recently alluded to, between the armies of Henry the Fourth and the Earl of Northumberland, joined by Douglas, with his Scotch forces, and in which great slaughter ensued, was fought here. Hotspur, son of Earl Percy, was amongst the slain, and, as told by Shakespeare, he fell by the hand of Harry Monmouth, Prince of Wales. It is certain, that both these youthful heroes fought with the most determined bravery, throughout this eventful and bloody day. The dying scene of Hotspur is finely pictured in the first part of Henry the Fourth, as follows:

"HOTSPUR. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth;
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh;
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

P. HENRY. For worms, brave Percy; fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth that bears thee, dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."

The buffoonery of that egregious liar and braggart, Sir John Falstaff, could not even in this scene of carnage be restrained,

FALSTAFF. There is Percy; (*throwing the body down*) if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. HENRY. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF. Didst thou? Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath: and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. Ill take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh.

Having both here and elsewhere borrowed from this admirable play, I will now so far digress, as to venture an opinion, that the first and second parts of King Henry the Fourth display a greater diversity of character, and consequently, of sentiment and language, than any other of the historical plays of our immortal bard. Let us, for instance, first notice "Prince Henry," that "whoreson mad compound of majesty;" who, as he truly says of himself, "had sounded the very base string of humility." We then come to "that same mad fellow of the north," Hotspur, who thought

"It were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-face moon:"

next; there is "the great magician, damn'd Glendower, he of Wales that gave Amaimon the bastinado;" with that "sprightly Scot of Scots," Douglas; the noble Mortimer, "who led the men of Herefordshire to fight;" the old earl of Northumberland; the chief justice, Sir William Gascoigne; and, peering above all, that incompa-

rable original, our portly knight, Sir John Falstaff; "lean Jack;" who, as he boasts, "was not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit was in other men." Turn, also, to the Gloucestershire Justices, "Master Robert Shallow," and his cousin, "Silence;" of the former of whom, Falstaff says, "I do remember him at Clements' Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring;" he was, "for all the world like a fork'd radish;" and, of the latter, "that it well befitted master Silence to be of the peace." Nor must we forget their redoubted list of recruits. To close the roll, we cannot fail to note Sir John's satellites, the swaggering bully, Pistol, Poins, Gadshill, Peto, and Bardolph, "whose zeal burnt in his nose;" these altogether form a phalanx, eminently renowned; such a host, indeed, as nothing short of transcendent genius, ever "holding the mirror up to nature," could have created and marshalled.

But to return; Shrewsbury subsequently espoused the cause of the house of York, during its strife with that of Lancaster; and Edward the Fifth, who was murdered by Richard the Third in the Tower, was born here. Charles the First, in the early part of his rupture with the parliament, was joined here by Prince Rupert; but it was ultimately reduced by Mytton. The quarry promenade is very beautiful. It occupies twenty acres of ground, and, on one side, possesses the advantage of the river, with fine views of the surrounding country, whilst, on the other, a good prospect of the town is obtained, and the walks are

richly wooded. The two bridges over the Severn, known as the English and the Welsh, are very handsome. The several churches, the Town Hall, the County Gaol, and the Infirmary, are deserving of particular notice. There appear also to be many spacious private mansions, and few cities, perhaps, in the kingdom possess greater advantages, as a permanent residence. The present population is upwards of 20,000, largely employed in the manufactories of flannel, thread, linen, yarn, and canvas. In the neighbourhood, also, are extensive iron-works.

Our next stage lay through Colebrook Dale to Bridgnorth. We were desirous of seeing the former, otherwise the best road is through Wenlock. The first attraction, on leaving Shrewsbury, is a noble column 132 feet high, upon which is erected a statue of Lord Hill, in honour of his various military achievements. Four miles farther on, the road crosses the bridge over the Tern river, and at this spot is Attingham, the noble seat and grounds of Lord Berwick. Further on is Longmer, R. Burton, Esq.; and before entering the village of Leighton, the Wrekin hill presents a singular and striking feature in the landscape. The banks of the Severn now become beautifully picturesque; and at Buildwas the fine ruins of an extensive abbey, situated upon the river, in a rich pastoral valley contribute to form a truly charming scene, heightened as it is by an elegant iron bridge here thrown across the Severn. This abbey was occupied by monks of the Cistercian order. It was a

noble cruciform building, the centre being surmounted by a tower, and the interior is highly ornamented with carved work. Taken in conjunction with the peculiar beauty of its situation, one might ardently exclaim:

> " Beneath yon ruin'd Abbey's moss-grown piles,
> Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
> When through some western window, the pale moon
> Pours her long levell'd rule of streaming light;
> While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
> Save the lone screech-owl's notes, who builds her bower
> Amid the mouldering caverns dark and damp,
> Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
> Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
> Invests some wasted tower."
>
> WARTON.

Several handsome seats of the neighbouring gentry are scattered over the banks of the river, and much enliven this otherwise secluded spot.

The situation of Colebook-dale, in the parish of Madeley, is extremely romantic, it being a narrow and winding glen, between two lofty and well-wooded hills. It is famous for its iron bridge, cast at the adjoining forges, and thrown over the Severn, as well as for the establishment of its iron works, which are some of the largest in England. The bridge consists of a single arch, forty feet high, and one hundred feet in the span, weighing about 380 tons. Passing over this spirited production of our manufactories, the appearance of the immense furnaces on the left becomes awfully grand. Brosely, celebrated for its manufactories of tobacco-pipes and coarse earthenware, lies

about two miles on the right. The country between Colebrook and Bridgnorth still continues to be rich and fertile in character, and amongst other seats of the gentry are those of the Aston and Whitmore families. The town of Bridgnorth, where we dined, is divided into two parts by the Severn, over which is a bridge of six arches. The upper town stands upon a hill, rising 200 feet above the river, and the steep descent to the bridge is hewn out of the solid rock; but by means of steps and railing it is rendered safe and easy. The picturesque appearance of the town, thus planned, may be called quite unique, and the views from the terrace-walk are beautiful. The situation must be healthy; and in character, this place has been compared to old Jerusalem. The population is about 4500, three fourths of which are employed in the manufacture of cloth, stockings, iron tools, and other branches of handicraft.

About midway between Bridgnorth and Kidderminster, the road enters the county of Worcester. The town of Kidderminster is divided by the river Stour, not far from its confluence with the Severn. The church is an elegant gothic structure, and stands in a commanding situation. Much attention has been paid to preserve the true gothic style of architecture, both through the exterior as well as the interior of this handsome edifice, and there are several monuments bearing appropriate inscriptions, which claim particular notice. The manufactory of carpets at this place has long been celebrated, and it is considered to excel every

other in the durability as well as in the brilliancy of the colours of this production of art. This fact is to be attributed to the peculiar properties of the water, yielded by the river Stour, for scouring and striking, as it is strongly impregnated with those of iron and fuller's earth. The population may be estimated at 16000. Being obliged to proceed to Worcester, quite in the dark of the evening, we were unwillingly compelled to resign the idea of an inspection of those objects, which are so well worthy the attention of the tourist in this handsome town and its vicinity. Nor could we consequently enjoy the beauties of the country leading onwards. The road passes through Hartlebury, Ombersley, over the Droitwich Canal, through Northwich to Worcester, where we did not arrive until

> "Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
> In rayless majesty, had stretched forth
> Her leaden sceptre, o'er a slumbering world."
>
> YOUNG.

We might indeed, ere we had well arranged our accommodation for the night, have said:

> "The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

GLOUCESTER, September 8th, 1837.

WORCESTER TO TEWKESBURY .	15	26 MILES.
TEWKESBURY TO GLOUCESTER .	11	

"O'er mountain, through valley, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

I DO not find that the praises which have been lavished, in the foregoing pages, upon some of the finest scenery, in this or any other country, are by any means exaggerated. Neither are those comforts misrepresented, which are everywhere, throughout the tour of North Wales, to be derived from the accommodation now afforded, at the several excellent hotels, wherein the traveller is fain to rest; yet I must aver that there is no inconsistency in prefacing this brief conclusion to our pleasant excursion as above. Who has not felt a return to his own fireside most grateful, after an absence even of a few weeks only, let that absence have been employed ever so agreeably? Often, at the same time, will those incidents and those scenes, which, during our late jaunt, have constantly produced genuine sensations of delight and wonder, recur to the mind, and bring with them a pleasing retrospect, and, it should be, lasting

improvement. The city of Worcester, which we left at noon yesterday, is situated at the north east point in a triangle with Gloucester and Hereford; the choirs attached to the cathedrals of these three places having been united, for upwards of a century, in an annual musical festival, held alternately at each city for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the clergy in the three dioceses. The origin of Worcester has been ascribed to the Britons, or the Romans, though it may, with greater probability, be attributed to the Mercian Angles. It was the scene of various hostilities, from the reign of the Conqueror to that of Henry the Fourth, as well as upon other occasions. In the civil wars under Charles the First, and again, after his execution, it was garrisoned by the loyalists; and it was here that the ill-concerted expedition of Charles the Second was terminated by the victory obtained by Cromwell, 22nd August, 1651. The present cathedral was founded in 1084, and is a fine and spacious structure. In the centre of the choir is the tomb of King John, which was opened in 1797. The body, which was contained in a stone coffin, was found entire, but was speedily destroyed by an exposure to the air. There are a few other monuments worthy of notice. Amongst them are those of Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the Eighth; the Countess of Salisbury, who, "by the unlucky slip of a tie," gave notable occasion for the display of royal gallantry, establishing at the same time the motto for the illustrious Order

of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," if not originating this noble order itself; of which, however, there is some doubt. There is also a beautiful and well nigh breathing monument, by Chantry, to the memory of Miss Digby; and that of Bishop Hough, by Roubillac, is especially deserving of attention. The cloisters and the claustral buildings are on the south side, whilst those at Gloucester are situated northward of the cathedral. Both form a quadrangular area of considerable extent, but the architectural beauty of the latter is far superior; indeed, they may be esteemed almost unique in point of elegance and of preservation. It is singular, however, that their aspect should differ from that of nearly every other collegiate edifice; the southern side being almost universally selected, for the advantage of shelter and sunshine. Often, when in the vicinity of these venerable fabrics of former ages, might one be induced to indulge in the hopes and in the resolve of Milton's Tragic Muse,

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof;
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

The various churches and the public buildings are handsome, and deserving attention. By the erection of the latter, the county and city of Worcester appear to have evinced extraordinary liberality, not only towards the convenience of public business and public charity, but also for the encouragement of literature, natural history, and the fine arts. The chief manufactures are those of chinaware and gloves. The former was introduced here about 1751, and its produce is in every particular of the very first class and quality. The latter is also very extensive, and furnishes employment in the city and the vicinity, for upwards of 8000 persons. The corn and hop markets are very considerable, and the population is now about 18500. The two principal inns are the Hop-pole, and the Star and Garter, both in the Foregate Street, and nearly contiguous to each other.

More than once during our travels I have taken the freedom to quote from "A Journey through North Wales," written by the learned Dr. Johnson, a book with which, as being characteristic of the man, I have been exceedingly amused. It appears that, on his return, he visited Lord Sandys at Ombersley, who took him to Worcester, where he records, "We went to Worcester, a very splendid city. The cathedral is very noble," &c. This tone of admiration would lead us to the supposition that the sententious Doctor had here clothed himself with good humour. He seems to have regained his native element. Boswell says, that to a ques-

UPB

tion asked his friend, during a conversation upon the beauties of the country, Johnson replied, "Sir! there is no scenery equal to Fleet Street." And truly his capacious mind appears to have lacked resource pending his Welsh expedition. Whilst "in search of the picturesque," this giant in literature was fain to amuse himself even with computation of no very important character. View him, for instance, amongst the magnificent ruins of Caernarvon Castle, where he tells us that the number of steps, in mounting the Eagle tower, are one hundred and sixty-nine, and that each step was "ten inches deep." Again, soon afterwards, he visits Llanberis and Snowdon, and, on this occasion, all that he has to say of the latter is, "On the side of Snowdon are the remains of a large fort, to which we climbed with great labour; I was breathless and harassed. Queeny's * goats, 149, I think."

From Worcester to Tewkesbury, there are some beautiful views upon the banks of the Severn, the Malvern hills forming a magnificent back ground. The road passes through the charming and extensive village of Kempsey and Severn Stoke, near to the latter, on the left, is Croome, the noble seat of the Earl of Coventry; then through Naunton, to Stratford bridge, where it enters the county of

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* Queeny was the nursery epithet which he applied to the daughter of Mr. Thrale, a child ten years of age, and who, it seems, was set on to number the goats browsing on Snowdon, and of which Johnson kept the account.

Gloucester; and, from thence, through Twyning, over the river Avon into Tewkesbury, around which, within a mile or two of the place, are scattered several good houses of the neighbouring gentry, delightfully situated.

Tewkesbury is a town of great antiquity, and is supposed to have derived its etymology from Theot, a Saxon recluse, who founded a hermitage here, and from whom it was called Theot-is-byrg. In 715, two brothers, Odo and Dodo, founded a monastery here, which was much enlarged in 1102, by Robert Fitzhammon, and, from having been a cell to the abbey of Cranbourne, in Dorset, it became the principal seat of that establishment. It was subsequently occupied by a brotherhood of Benedictine monks. In 1471, the last decisive battle between the houses of York and Lancaster was fought close to the town, terminating in the loss of many of the nobility, and in the entire defeat of the Lancastrians. Several persons of distinction from this party, amongst whom was the Duke of Somerset, took refuge in the church, from which they were forcibly dragged and beheaded on the spot. In the last act of King Henry VI. Shakespeare reverts to this battle, and the fifth scene opens thus :

" *Enter* KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and forces, with* QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, AND SOMERSET.

KING EDWARD. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight ;
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

OXFORD. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
SOMERSET. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune."

Clarence, also, in relating his portentous dream to Brakenbury, in King Richard the Third, alludes to this eventful day:

"I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanished: Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!'"

This town is pleasantly situated in the luxuriant vale of Gloucester, near the confluence of the Avon with the Severn. Two small rivers, also, the Carron and the Swilgate, nearly surround the place, both falling into the Avon. It is well built, and extremely neat in appearance, with various convenient public buildings. Formerly, there was a considerable trade in woollen cloth, and a superior sort of mustard, but the stocking is now the chief traffic, employing a large number of the inhabitants. There is also a nail manufactory. The Church, formerly the collegiate church of the ancient monastery, is a spacious and venerable Norman structure. It is built in the form of a cathedral, with a nave, choir, and transepts, to-

gether with a richly ornamented tower, rising from the centre. There are several handsome monuments, amongst which are those of some of the early patrons of the monastery, and others of those who fell at the battle of Tewkesbury. The population is about 5000, and the principal inns are the Swan, and the Hop-pole. After dining at the former, we soon achieved our last short FLIGHT of eleven miles. There are some fine views on the banks of the Severn on the right, and leaving Cheltenham upon the left of the road, then passing through the villages of Norton, Twigworth, and Longford, we soon gladly welcomed home; and again confessed, that,

"Here blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief!

"Where burns the loved hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed Patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which Mirth's bright cheek adorn?
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At home, dear home."

"Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam:
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home."

BERNARD BARTON.

CONCLUSION.

My destiny, as at present united with that "Home," mainly leads to the "crowded city" and to the "busy hum of men;" and should it please the Almighty Disposer of events to cast my future lot in the same tumultuous orb, may content accompany "HIS" ever wise dispensation! If abandoned to my own wayward choice and will, they would certainly lead to the retired and quiet scenes of rural life. And where could such a portion be more happily culled, than from amongst those scenes wherein we have latterly revelled? There surely in some favoured spot one could freely join in the imagination of the poet, and say with him;

"Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What though he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain,
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
To disappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies
Concealed, and fattens with the richest sap,

These are not wanting, nor the milky drove
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay,
For aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here, too, dwells simple truth, plain innocence,
Unsullied beauty, sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased,
Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease."

THOMSON.

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.